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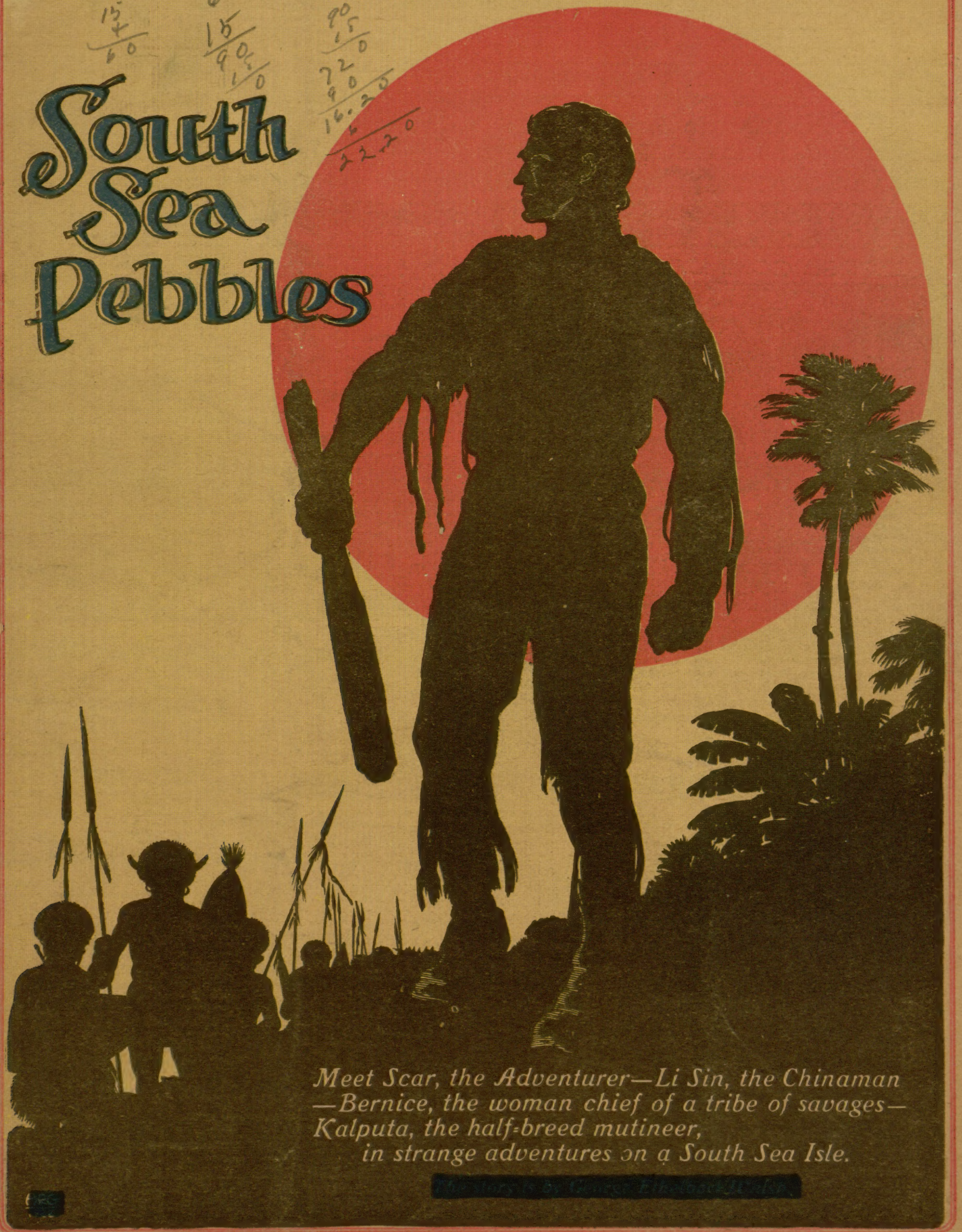
South Sea Pebbles



Meet Scar, the Adventurer—Li Sin, the Chinaman —Bernice, the woman chief of a tribe of savages— Kalputa, the half-breed mutineer, in strange adventures on a South Sea Isle.

[redacted]

CHICAGO LEDGER

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Is This Your Type?

By MARIE LA ROQUE

Passionate Lips

IT IS to the middle of the upper lip that we should look for indications of that trait which is called amativeness. Redness of lips in general is said to indicate amativeness, and the reason why some women the world over from primitive times have painted their lips red is because of their primitive desire to persuade the opposite sex that they are of an amative nature. And most every man person, old or young, poetic or otherwise, just naturally admires the red-lipped girl, rather more if the redness is real instead of artificial.

Redness in general, then, is an indication of an aptitude for love and loving. But especially should this redness be found in the middle of the upper lip. The lip that is pale and thin above and shows redness only in the lower section is not the lip of the woman whose presiding deity is Venus. It must be red in the upper lip and especially toward the center. Such at least is the popular notion that has been held for hundreds of years by those who seek certain characteristics in certain facial features.

Now, of course, excessive amativeness is something that hardly any one admires. There must be enough, but just enough, of that characteristic to make the ideal. Likewise we do not admire the upper lip that shows an excessive luscious center. In a man this trait appears almost bestial, and in a woman it detracts from delicacy and refinement of the face, sometimes making the expression almost vapid.

Perhaps no artist depicted the rather exaggeratedly amative lip with more success than did the English artist Rossetti.

Rossetti, in painting this type of lip, counterbalanced it with great refinement of other features. So a feature

Rossetti's Lilith.

that might be coarse in other artists, is never so in the work of this pre-Raphaelite. He produces a result that is typically English, a face that shows passion controlled by refinement.

Rossetti in one picture makes use of these lips in a face that is supposed to represent a corrupt or decadent type. And that is in Lilith. Lilith, according to legend, was the witch wife of Adam and brought sorrow to the heart of Eve. And in his picture of this lengendary character, Rossetti portrayed a cruel voluptuous woman. It is said that Rossetti painted Lilith, and eight years later repainted the features. In the second painting he is said to have introduced the note of decadence that makes the face as it is today, almost repulsive, altho still beautiful. The same lips, in another face, would have indicated—as they do in some of this master's other works—only feeling and restrained passion.

Next Week: The Ideal Chin.

Little Odd Story of the Week—No. 20

The SUBTLE GRAFTER

By GEORGE COMMODORE SHINN

ANDY BOWDLER folded the morning paper across his knee.

"I can see at a glance," he turned to his friend, Sim Croft, who was pacing the floor of their small hotel room, "after five hours in this hustling city, that the most popular outdoor sport is robbery, with or without a gun. Not a very healthy place for honest business men. Don't grin. You know no man can say we didn't give him a run for his money."

"Did you notice in the paper," said Sim, "that Judge Henry O. Jones of Fairville has an office in this city?"

"Real smart, ain't you, Sim," said Andy. "I was turning over in my mind that very information when you began to chatter."

"He stung you on a farm——"

"Silence," commanded Andy, better known by the name of "Suttle." "Farm! Bah! A chicken ranch was what they called it. Jones and his real estate shark framed me for a sucker. They said it would produce twenty dollars a day the year around. I was a sucker alright. I spent ten bones a day for egg-producer and feed and the birds refused to produce an egg. I traded the whole outfit for a six hundred-dollar car worth two hundred and then went on the road peddling 'Sureshot Shell-out Egg Producer.' We'll soak the judge, you can bet on that. Anyway, we need a few thousand to help us float that Nutmeg Farm deal in China."

"Gee," chuckled Sim, "I thought it was in Florida."

"We can locate anywhere," returned Suttle. "The main issue is to start a drive in Judge Jones' direction. Now, let's see. Keep still. I want to think."

That evening they went over the situation. They had up-to-date clothing, four sets of calling cards, blank checks and twenty dollars in cash.

"I have the whole thing framed," decided Suttle. "I will call on the judge Wednesday morning——"

"Why Wednesday," cut in Sim.

"Listen," exclaimed Andy. "Tomorrow you will locate, if possible, a cheap room over in the bon ton district, known as Irvington, where you can be reached by phone. Your name will be—let's see——"

And so it was arranged.

Wednesday Andy—he had decided on the name Andrew J. Bigalow—short and fat, a serious expression on his usual smiling face—presented himself at Judge Jones' office. Altho it was a dingy, little office and the furniture was badly worn, on the whole it was some improvement on his former quarters over the fish market in Fairville.

The judge was old and fat, seedy as to clothing and shaggy as to hair where his head wasn't bald. He scowled over a pair of horn glasses. He looked at the card again, but evidently failed to place the well dressed visitor. The card read:

ANDREW J. BIGALOW,
Vancouver, B. C.
Mgr. Crown Timber Co.

Jones puzzled a few minutes and then turned about in his creaking armchair.

"I am in a little tangle," Andy began. "I understand that you are good in such matters so I came to you. I am connected with the Crown Timber Company. Manager of logging in one of their sections. During the fore part of our recent war I had working for me a young man known on our books as John L. Simpson. He left our company, so he claimed, to join up with American forces then going to France. Shortly after he left I discovered some one had taken from my safe four thousand five hundred dollars in coupon bonds. I traced the matter down and have positive proof that young Simpson took the bonds. He cashed them in Seattle. I finally located him in your city. On locating him over in Irvington district I made a discovery that causes me to pause before notifying the police."

Andy produced a pair of excellent cigars, but the judge refused and continued to stare from under his shaggy, white brows.

"These bonds," puzzled Jones, "what issue were they?"

"The bonds," answered Andy, "third issue Liberty Loan. You see we have a Seattle branch. I was back and forth a good deal, you see, and was glad to help out old Uncle Sam."

"To be sure."

"This Simpson," continued Suttle, "turns out to be J. Learned Simpson, son of your big lumberman, Homer K. Simpson. He has big timber holdings down the Columbia and also in California. Perhaps you know him. His boy is a bit wild. I have a son, myself, so I know a father's feelings. And being in the lumber business same as his father I dislike to drag the boy into the courts. The forty-five hundred is a small matter, but the boy should be taught a lesson. Homer K. would thank me for teaching the lad. I find that the boy's father is away for the winter, therefore I cannot take up the matter with him. In going over this thing I have decided that to get the young man here and confront him with the charges would frighten him. The more we can frighten him the deeper the lesson."

"What I cannot understand," exclaimed Jones, "is why a millionaire's son would be working in a logging camp."

Andy smiled. "That point puzzled me, too," said Andy, "but I came to the conclusion that young Simpson did it to evade the draft——"

"Ah," Jones breathed. Perhaps he could work up a case after all.

"Can you give me this young man's address?" Jones finally inquired.

Andy produced a card and scribbled on it the name and phone number, and then he added his own address.

"Call to morrow at 10 a. m.," instructed Jones. "I think we can handle this case very nicely."

As Andy was leaving he suddenly noticed the young lady stenographer seated at a small desk in a dark corner of the room. She was a very pretty girl—and as their eyes met he received a shock which sent him out of the office double quick. The judge's daughter! He was sure she had not recognized him. Perhaps, like her father, she had forgotten the ex-farmer. After all it might not be as soft picking as he had expected.

THIRTY minutes later, in answer to the judge's telephone call, J. Learned Simpson, a well dressed, pleasant faced man of 28 or 30 confronted Judge Jones.

The judge cleared his throat impressively, glared over his glasses at the other.

"Well, young man," Jones began, "did you ever work in British Columbia?"

Simpson caught his breath.

"Yes, sir," he answered. "I was up there a few years ago. Spring of nineteen-eighteen."

"Then, of course, you are acquainted with Andrew J. Bigalow."

"Yes, sir. I worked in his office."

"Mr. Bigalow reports forty-five hun

(Concduded on Page 12.)

"111" cigarettes

They are Good! 10¢

Buy this Cigarette and Save Money

South Sea Pebbles

By GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH

A Queer Looking, Seedy Figure Suddenly Blocked the Way Ahead of Kalputa.

THE crew of the Bounty had mutinied two days out from New Castle Bay, and the ship was drifting thru the Great Barrier Reef, with the probability that she would stub her toe before night if order was not brought out of chaos. It was a Bolshevist sort of crew, and no one knew exactly what to do with the prize now that it was in their possession.

Kalputa, a white half-breed, had generaled the uprising, and been foremost in the pursuit of loot; but he had the qualities and instincts of a rebel and not those of an organizer. Besides, he had been half drunk with the captain's liquor ever since he had seized the ship.

Kalputa had the reputation of being the worst cutthroat afloat in the South Seas, and his signing up with Captain Barker had been under the alias of Sandy McKay. Otherwise there would have been no signing—certainly not on the part of the aged skipper. Sandy might seem a misnomer for a half-breed, but Kalputa really had sandy hair that he had inherited from a white forebear whose blood had contributed to the perpetuation of a species hardly worth saving.

When the crew, made up for the most part of the scum of the South Seas, came partly to their senses after their alcoholic debauch, the Bounty had been drifting across the sun-lit seas for forty-eight hours, and thru one of those miracles that do happen to babies and drunkards she had escaped all the perils of the deep. She was still afloat, drifting and yawing like the typical Flying Dutchman.

Kalputa cleared his brain of the fumes of liquor, and tried to estimate the damage his ill-begotten leadership had done. It took him some time to itemize the whole story; but one thing stood out quite clearly before his dazed mind. Several of the officers had been killed and wounded before they had been set adrift in the long boat, with provisions enough for a two days' voyage, and in the melee Captain Barker had been knocked over by a blow on the head that may or may not have killed him.

Sandy McKay, alias Kalputa, was not so much worried about whether the aged skipper had been killed as to whether the small boat had reached a safe harbor while the debauch on board the Bounty was in progress.

"It must be two days," he reflected aloud. "Two days and a night."

Could the boat reach land in that time to spread news of the mutiny? Kalputa was troubled by that, and he scanned the horizon a little anxiously for any signs of a ship. Then he looked up with a blank stare at the shrouds and flapping sails. He knew perfectly well that he was totally ignorant of the science of navigation, and not one of his crew was any better informed. They had Bolshevisted the ship, but whither were they drifting?

A drunken native staggered up, holding a bottle in his hand, and with a leer on his moribund face offered him a drink. Kalputa chucked the bottle overboard, and kicked the man out of his way.

Li Sin, who could have poisoned the whole crew with the food he cooked for them, but for reasons of his own had not, drifted into view. Li was the only one who had not submerged his mind and reason in an alcoholic bath, and Kalputa sensed as much.

"You d—n Chink, where are we?" demanded Kalputa threateningly. "You haven't been drunk. No, you're as sober as a dried mummy."

"Me here, Mister Kalputa," replied Li, grinning.

"Captain! An' don't you call me anything else or I'll string you up by the hair."

"Me here, cap'n," blandly and obligingly responded the cook.

Kalputa surveyed him with evil eyes. "Yes, you're here, but you won't be long if you don't answer my question. Where are we—the ship, I mean?—the latitude, longitude—the—the——"

Li shrugged his shoulders. "Me no sailor—me cook—me not know navigation."

Kalputa dismissed him with a contemptuous oath, and walked aft. His progress was erratic, for he stopped frequently to kick a sleeping man or let out a volley of South Sea profanity at some crawling native or half-breed like himself who essayed to interrupt him.

"A devil's crew if there ever was one!" he growled sullenly.

Then he fell to berating himself for a fool in not holding one of the officers he had set adrift. Navigating a ship blindly in the South Seas was not to his liking. If they didn't trip on a coral reef, they would stumble upon one of the gunboats that infested that region; or if they escaped both a storm might come up and wreck them.

Kalputa swept the horizon again, and then the sky arched overhead like an inverted copper bowl. He got hardly a grain of comfort from either inspection. They were alone on the sea, and he had no sixth sense to enable him to foretell atmospheric changes. The barometer and chart-house had been smashed in the fight for possession of the ship, and the compass had been wrecked by a stray bullet.

Imagine a man cast adrift on the sea without chart or compass or any knowledge of navigation other than the simple duties of a sailor who is accustomed to receive orders and not give them! And in that whole motley crew there was not a man of them who knew as much as Kalputa—not unless is was Li Sin.

He half suspected Li, but a Chinaman has a way of concealing knowledge that baffles the white man. Kalputa dismissed him from mind with a prodigious sigh. Once more he tried to reconstruct the events that had led up to his present predicament. They had been two days out from Newcastle Bay on the morning of the mutiny, which ought to have made their position somewhere to the east of Torres Strait—perhaps not far from the Gulf of Papua. In that case the southern coast of New Guinea ought to be visible on the north; but it wasn't!

Or if the ship had drifted directly east, they were somewhere in the Coral Sea, which no man could safely sail without a good chart and trustworthy compass. Ships had a way of disappearing there that was often annoying to the owners. The theory was that coral formation went on so rapidly on the bed of the sea that new reefs were constantly rising to lance the hull of any unfortunate ship that first discovered them. But Kalputa took less stock in this theory than one of his own. The day when pirates could roam the sea in defiance of the law was over; but what was to prevent a few bold spirits making temporary excursions into Captain Kidd's particular field? If you could get away with the goods, and sink the ship in time, the po-

"South Sea Pebbles!" Billy Muttered Aloud in His Astonishment.

lice of the seas had little chance to get you.

This was what Kalputa wanted to do now—get away before it was too late. There were many quiet coves in the Gulf of Papua where a ship could lay concealed for a week or two while being stripped of everything of portable value. Kalputa knew of several such coves, but the problem was how to reach them. It might be jumping from the frying-pan into the fire to approach the coast without any reasonable foreknowledge of the location.

HE DECIDED finally to interview old Li again. Of his ancestry he knew nothing, but Li could read and write, which was more than any of the mutinous crew could do. For the most part they were low-down Papuans, who had taken to sea because head hunting was no longer tolerated in their inland forests. With a good leader they could be induced to do almost anything of an exciting, adventurous nature, especially if there was a promise of unlimited rum at the end of the fight.

"Li," Kalputa began, entering the scullery where the cook was rattling his pans, "you know the coast of New Guinea. Don't lie to me or I'll break your head quicker'n I'd eat your d—n grub! Now out with it—where've we been driftin' the last two days? You were sober, an' you know!"

"Certainly, cap'n," was the cheerful response. "We been drifting—drifting on sea."

"I know that, but in which direction?"

With a Groan of Pain He Jerked the Dart Out of His Quivering Flesh Just as Another Bone-tipped Missile Aimed for His Head Whined Thru the Air.

"Allee direction! This way—that way—all ways."

Kalputa spat and regarded the speaker with evil eyes. "I want to pick up Redscar Bay," he said slowly, "and if you'll help me you'll get a bag of gold. If you don't, overboard you go, you yellow heathen!"

"I help, cap'n, but what I do? Me no sail ship—me cook."

"You can read, Li——"

"Not Inglish, cap'n."

Kalputa eyed him narrowly, but Li's eyes never blinked.

"Then you'd better hurry up and learn it," was the drawling comment. "I'll give you two hours to read the ship's papers and log to find out about where we stood when Captain Barker left us."

"No papers left, cap'n—fishes eatin' 'em; me see 'em go overboard—like that."

"You threw them overboard!" roared Kalputa with an oath. "Then you'll go after them!"

He seized Li by his pig-tail and jerked him half across the scullery, Li squealing like a porker approaching the slaughter.

"Me no do it, cap'n—me tell the truth—me see him—a verra black man—me—me——" The rest was lost in a gurgle of sounds. Kalputa picked the Chinaman up by the waist and was on his way to the companion stairs. The unequal struggle had an element of the ludicrous in it in spite of its tragedy for Li, whose legs winnowed the air like those of a naughty child in the grasp of an irate nurse. They were mere pipestem legs, and futilely ineffectual in stemming the progress of the big half-breed.

Now Li had no misgivings as to the fate ahead of him, nor any hope of mercy from his captor, for Kalputa had about as much sentiment in his make-up as a clump of wood. But beyond spasmodic protests, Li showed no inclination to yield even tho his captor knew he was lying. But then a Chinaman was never known to be bluffed by a white man, much less a half-breed, always playing the game of innocence until the last throw of the dice. Perhaps it is because they always have one more trump up their flowing sleeve.

A queer looking, seedy figure, with the reeking odors of the cargo clinging to him, matted of hair and with four days' stubbly beard on his haggard face, suddenly blocked the way ahead of Kalputa, and brought him to a dead halt. In his surprise at this apparition, he permitted Li to slip to the floor. He stared with eyes that were inclined to bulge with fear. For all his strength and brutal bravado, Kalputa had enough of the native superstition in him to make him afraid of some things.

His voice guttered and came to an inarticulate mumble. This was no member of his crew. In spite of the unkempt beard and hair, the stranger carried himself with an ease and grace that further impressed the half-breed. He was smiling, good-natured and unafraid.

"Stowaway, captain," he explained, grinning.

Kalputa was still under the enervating influence of his superstitious nature, and barely took in the words.

"Stole aboard five days ago," continued the white man. "Couldn't stand it another minute. Got a whiff of this Chink's cooking, and it drove me crazy. Chuck me overboard, cap, but give me one square meal. I got to have that if I fight for it."

Gradually the truth was dawning upon Kalputa's mind. This was no ghost of one of the dead men returned to annoy him, but a common, ordinary stowaway, with hunger gnawing at his vitals. The smell of food had brought him from his hiding place.

Two thoughts slowly came to Kalputa. One was that the stowaway knew nothing about the mutiny aboard the Bounty, and the other was that he might possess the very knowledge he was seeking. He dropped Li, and forgot his recent anger.

"Stowaway!" he grunted. "What's your name?"

"Anything you please to call me, cap. At home they called me one thing, but out here I've dubbed myself as Scar—Billy Scar. It's shorter than the other, and fits me better."

Kalputa nodded. "Scar will do. Well, Mr. Scar, now you're here we'll have to feed you," he added in a voice that was almost friendly, "but you got to work for it. No stowaway gets it over me without paying for it. You hear me!"

"I'm willing," was the cheerful retort. "I'll do anything from scrubbing the decks to taking a trick at the wheel. Just name the job, cap," said the stowaway.

Kalputa's eyes glistened, and the eagerness in his voice was noticeable. "Ever sail a ship?" he asked.

Billy Scar laughed outright, so boyishly and frankly, however, that one could not take offense. "I was brought up on a ship, cap," he replied. "If there's anything afloat I can't sail it must be a new invention."

Kalputa smiled craftily. He tried to appear indifferent, and in his clumsy way partly succeeded. "Im shorthanded," he grumbled. "G o t a drunken crew of Papuans and halfbreeds. First and second mate deserted two days ago—stole away at night in the long boat. Now if you could steer by dead reckoning, and—and shoot the sun——"

"Child's play, cap," came the interruption. "Cut me loose on a raft without chart or compass, and I'd find my way into port like chickens coming home to roost."

Kalputa's ugly face fairly beamed with delight. The scar across his left cheek glowed red and white under the effort he was making to check emotion. A miracle had happened. He rubbed his greasy trousers with fat, oily hands. He expectorated at a cockroach deliberately crossing the floor, and then in an excess of glee stamped on it.

"You go in there, an' Li'll fill you up," he said, jerking his thumb. "Eat all you can hold. Then come on deck. I got work for you—an' it ain't scrubbin' decks."

Then remembering something he darted past the man and caught Li by the scruff of the neck. "Feed him up!" he shouted, and in a menacing tone whispered in Li's ear, "speak a word about this mutiny, an' I'll slit your throat. Be d—n quick about it, too, you heathen Chinee," he bawled out so Mr. Scar could hear him, and then once more in a lower voice, "Remember, one word, one hint, an' your life ain't worth a stew-pan."

Billy Scar had obligingly remained in the background, and when Kalputa looked up he was smiling innocently.

"Li's a good cook," the half-breed

(Continued on Page 16.)

Can Young Fallon Clear the Accused Boxer? This Installment Ends the Story.

All In the Way of Business

By J. C. Kofoed

A Summary of the Opening Chapters

PETRIE SHATTUCK, president of the African West Coast Navigation Company, political "boss" of Benton City, wealthy and crafty schemer posing as a "reformer," who condoned his crooked methods with his favorite musing, "All in the way of business," was a hard master to serve, but many served him. Not all, however, were of the master's ilk. Some were like unto the honest policeman who has "graft" money thrust into his hand and is compelled to keep it—or lose his job. Such is politics in many cities.

WALLY FALLON, assistant general manager of the Navigation company, despised crooked deals, and possibly would have long since quit Shattuck's employ, but for

JUDITH SHATTUCK, his employer's charming niece, whom he hoped to make his bride. The opening chapters of the story told how

HARRY BELZIGER, a prize fighter known at "St. Louis Whitey," became an employe of the Whispering Hills Golf Club, on Shattuck's request. Soon followed thefts of various valuables at the club. Finally, during a dance there, when the lights suddenly failed, Judith's diamond brooch was snatched from her neck and

BARTON WIKE, who was a stumbling-block in Shattuck's shady pathways, was struck down by the fleeing thief and died in an ambulance on his way to a police station. Of course, "St. Louis Whitey," prize fighter and ex-convict (he had killed a man with his fist while defending a woman), was immediately suspected, but Wally Fallon believed him innocent and resolved to prove his theory and bring to justice the real thief and murderer.

SOLOMON HANDY, Shattuck's favorite henchman—and even the notorious political boss himself—were not outside the suspicions lurking in Wally Fallon's troubled mind. Now you can take up the second and concluding installment of the story.

The story began in No. 18, the Ledger for May 6. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

VI.

THO his words were bold, Wally Fallon knew that they were only —words. He had no evidence to prove that Solomon Handy killed Wike, except that bunch of keys, which meant nothing at all as evidence. Shattuck would go on the stand, and calmly swear that Handy had been in his company on the night of the murder. Nothing was too unscrupulous for him to do—in the way of business.

Had he been Quixotic in his course, Fallon wondered? Was he a fool to throw up his position, and chance the loss of Judith in order to fight an apparently hopeless battle in Whitey Belziger's behalf?

Yet the boy had not questioned himself for a moment before coming to Wally's aid in the North Beach Rock Cod's dive. It would be a crime to let him sink unaided now.

Fallon cleared his effects from the office of the African West Coast Navigation Company, and hurried over to Tommy Morris' headquarters. The young fingerprint expert had finished his examination.

"I'm afraid that it won't do you much good tho," he apologized. "I checked them against the records of St. Louis Whitey and Solomon Handy, and even against those of half a dozen criminals I thought might be implicated in the Whispering Hills mess, but they don't jibe at all."

Wally had not known quite what to expect, but he felt a bit disappointed just the same. There was nothing to do about it, so he thanked Morris, and drove out to the Shattuck home. The sun poured on it like a red searchlight, bringing out sharply its grave Colonial beauty—a beauty that was in neither the mind or soul of the man who owned it.

Judith met him with a gay laugh that faded when she looked at him closely. The sunlight emphasized his pallor, and the hand he offered her was limp.

"What's the matter, Wally?" she asked.

He told her everything; of Petrie Shattuck's offer and the thinly veiled threats that followed. He told her how Whitey Belziger had saved his life that night in the North Beach Rock Cod's dive; of gentle, white-haired Mrs. Belziger, with her thin shoulders stooped under her burden of trouble.

Judith, slender hands clasped behind her back, walked to the window, and stood staring out into the fading light. Perhaps the close of the day typified to her the young life that was being hurried along to its end.

Light faded in the room. Fallon's voice continued: "That is what your uncle intends doing to Whitey Belziger, for no other reason in the world that I can see but to protect Solomon Handy from punishment. I told him that it was monstrous; that I intended proving the boy's innocence no matter what the consequences were to him. He replied that if I wanted to sacrifice my position —and you—that I might go ahead. I am going to do just that because I believe that you love me as much as I do you—that you won't leave me to fight this thing alone.

"Will you?"

Judith did not reply at once, but—to give her the credit that is her due—she was not balancing the material things that her uncle and Wally could offer her. She was too impulsive and unmercenary for that. But she was wondering what Uncle Petrie would say if she deserted his colors at a time like this. Would he shrink under it, or would his love for her merge with the merciless savagery of his being? Judith was not sure—but she did not hesitate for all that. Her man had called to her —her man—and she had no alternative but to go whither he led. The matter was absurdly plain.

Far off among the trees the flute-like tremolo of an owl broke out, prolonged indefinitely. From the garden below came the chitter of smaller birds and the perfume of silvery jasmine. Theft and murder and broken hearts seemed impossible in this fairyland.

Fallon stood waiting for his answer.

"I love you," said Judith in a small voice, "and I am going to help. You are quite sure that Uncle Petrie is involved in the murder?"

"No, but I am sure that he is trying to railroad Whitey Belziger in order to protect the guilty one. Why, Judith, you can't talk five minutes to either Whitey or Mrs. Belziger without becoming thoroly convinced that he had nothing to do with the affair at all."

"But the brooch—why did they find that on Whitey?"

"I believe that it was turned over to one of the detectives—Shaughnessy, Harris, any of them, I don't know who—

Before He Could Translate That Rage Into Action Fallon Brought the Plank Down on His Red Thatch and the Battle Was Over.

so that they might find it in Whitey's pocket. The average decent policeman wouldn't have anything to do with such a trick—Voshell would not, I am sure—but there are conscienceless rogues in every organization."

"They—they might try to do the same to you——" She faltered, looking up at him with terrified eyes.

Fallon took her in his arms and soothed her. He made her believe that it was quite improbable that they would try to "frame" him. They had no basis to work on as they had in Whitey Belziger's case.

"Now that I know you will be with me in whatever I do things will be easier. I am going to get busy at once."

He returned to town, intending to get in touch with De Saulles and Radcliff, the famous criminal lawyers over the long distance phone, and retain them for Whitey's defense. And then one of those curious things happened—one of those incidents miscalled "coincidents," just as tho Fate never took a hand in the affairs of men.

He gave his number to the girl at the desk, and sat down in the booth she indicated to wait until the connection was made.

In the booth behind a man was talking. The voice was familiar. It said:

"Now, look here, Baranson, you know that you ordered ten cases of that Triple Star whisky, and you ought to pay for it. . . . Why, why, man, that's extortion. . . . Well, all right, you needn't pay, then, but it will come out of my pocket, and not Shattuck's. Good-by."

Baranson was the superintendent at the Whispering Hills Golf Club. . . . And instantly the solution to the whole affair flashed on Wally. Yet, if it was true, why had Petrie Shattuck practically admitted the guilt of Solomon Handy, and why was he sending Whitey Belziger to the electric chair? Everything that the master of the African West Coast Navigation Company did in the way of business was intended to react with benefit upon himself. Of course, this talker over the telephone was in Shattuck's employ, but the old shipping man would not have lifted a finger to aid him, Wally felt quite certain.

However, it was a tip worth looking into at once. The call to De Saulles and Radcliffe could wait. He could get one of the partners on the phone later in the evening, anyway.

The investigation lasted hardly more than an hour. By this time Fallon was thoroly convinced that he could prove the innocence of Whitey Belziger; better yet, that he could do it without publicly involving Judith's uncle. True, the old savage deserved punishment, but for her sake it could be spared.

On his way back to telephone Mr. De Saulles, Wally was quietly sandbagged in Western street, and carried down to the river front in one of Petrie Shattuck's limousines.

WALLY came back to semi-consciousness with a throbbing beat in his head. He lay on a splintery board, staring into the darkness, and trying to get his bearings. Cautiously he extended an arm a few inches above his face. It touched wood. He could feel his left shoulder jammed against the same uncompromising substance. Fallon's eyes suddenly widened. An icy fear stabbed his heart. Was he in a coffin? Had he been buried alive? Surely Petrie Shattuck would not go that far . . .

He tried to struggle into an upright position, and banged his head. Then he relaxed on his uncomfortable resting place. Gradually the fog in his brain dispersed. Close to his head he could hear the wash of water against a ship's side, and the thump, thump, of an engine. He'd been shanghaied!

A hatch opened, pouring a flood of golden light into the gloom. The taste of fresh air in that reeking atmosphere of sweat-dried clothes and whisky was most welcome. Heavy boots tramped on the ladder. Fallon lay with his face toward it; peeping from under closed lids. The sudden flare of sun in that black hole had dazzled him.

At first he did not recognize the broad-shouldered figure in the dirty singlet that loomed by his bunk. Then he saw the harsh features outlined against the patch of light.

The man was the North Beach Rock Cod!

Wally was quite sure that the Cod would find pleasure in murdering him. The rumpus instigated by the search for Whitey Belziger had sealed and cemented the Cod's hatred. Shattuck presumably had been behind the shanghaiing, and Fallon was quite sure that the president of the African West Coast Navigation Company wanted him silenced. And the Cod was a savage in his instincts.

Fallon was not particularly worried over that so long as his hands were free, and he had a fighting chance. It was about Whitey Belziger whom he bothered; Whitey, who would go to the chair for the murder of Barton Wike. Fallon could prove that he was innocent, but what good was his proof out here on the ocean? Unless he could get back to Benton City the boy was doomed, and his mother, too, would take her broken heart to the grave.

The North Beach Rock Cod turned to the bunk. Wally fumbled in the odorous blankets for the hard object that had cramped his shoulders. Gratefully his fingers closed over a broken bit of planking.

The Cod leaned over his captive and shook him. Fallon opened his eyes weakly and looked up at the mottled face.

"W-Where am I?" he asked conventionally.

"You're aboard the Mary Fisher," said Benton City's bad man, "an' the gentleman who had you sent here told me most particular to tap you on the head an' feed you to the whales if you got ructious."

"Shattuck?" Wally motioned.

"Aye—Shattuck." The Cod chuckled in his red beard. "He was afraid that your blab would send Solomon Handy to the chair. An' the funny part o' it is that Solomon didn't kill this Barton Wike at all. He came down to my place the other night drunk as a boiled owl, d'ye see, an' told me all about it. Shattuck wanted Wike killed . . . he talked it over with Solly . . . but Handy is too wise to put his gangly neck in a noose for even an old bunkie like Shattuck."

"I found that out."

"Oh, you did, eh?" snorted the sailorman. "You're a pretty wise oyster now, aren't you? Mebbe you know that Solly was the boy who was robbin' the Whisperin' Hills Club, figurin' that St. Louis Whitey'd be blamed for it. Mebbe you know that when he found out that some one had killed Mr. Wike he footed it back to the boss, and said that he had done it, because he figured Shattuck's generosity to be worth somethin'. Mebbe you know a lot more, but it ain't goin' to do you no good, for you've seen the last o' Benton City." The savagery came back into his face. "Come on—get up now—I'm not goin' to have you layin' around."

He laid his tarry fist on Fallon's shoulder, and then the piece of planking, swung as hard as the younger man could handle it in that limited space, struck him in the face. He went to his knees, dazed and rather messy from a bleeding nose, but determined to get his revolver out and settle the matter. This was the second time the North Beach Rock Cod had felt the weight of Wally's blow, and it maddened him. Before he could translate that rage into action Fallon brought the plank down on top of his red thatch and the battle was over.

The captive relieved the commander of the Mary Fisher of a service revolver and a broad-bladed sheath knife. Then he hog-tied him with some rope that had been hanging on a nearby hook, and gagged him with a piece cut from the dirty blanket. After which he ascended

the companionway — cautiously — and looked around the deck.

That part of it within his immediate focus was devoid of human life. The sun was hot, and the sea intensely blue. The Mary Fisher was out of sight of land, steaming steadily to the east. Judging by the sun, it was about 3 o'clock. He had been shanghaied on the preceding night; probably eighteen hours ago. They must be a long, long way from land if they had been sailing at this gait all the time.

Eighteen hours! And Whitey on trial for his life without a single fighting chance.

A man was pacing the bridge—Briggsy Whimple, the Cod's lieutenant in most of his nefarious doings. Briggsy was a "killer." At least, that was his reputation in Benton City; so it was essential that he be the next to submit to capture. Besides Briggsy there was the man at the wheel to be taken care of.

Wally slithered along the deck. There was no one in sight. He climbed to the bridge, jabbed his pistol into Whimple's ribs, and drove that perturbed and astonished person into the pilothouse. The sailor at the wheel unblinkingly obeyed the command that turned the Mary Fisher about in her course, and started her back the way she had come.

So far everything had gone smoothly, but Fallon did not count himself back in Benton City yet. He sat on the edge of a volcano and he knew it. There were at least half a dozen sailors aboard in addition to the engine-room crew. Somebody would probably find the Cod before long, and then the siege of the pilothouse would commence. He had two revolvers —Whimple's and the Cod's—but there was unquestionably a supply of heavy artillery aboard the Mary Fisher. But even such a man as the North Beach Rock Cob would hesitate at riddling the pilothouse while two of his men were there.

"How far out are we?" he asked.

Whimple snarled deep in his throat, and refused to answer, but the sailor spoke up.

"'Bout seventy-five miles, sir. There was trouble in the engine-room, an' we didn't get started till late this mornin'."

"That means about five hours to Benton City, doesn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

Five hours! Even if everything went right the Mary Fisher would not get back until 8:30. It would be dark then, and he would have his work cut out for him in getting ashore. However, he could set a signal for the harbor police. That might help.

THE steamer bowled along thru a sea almost as placid as a millpond. Whatever men were on the deck-watch could see nothing unusual in the pilothouse, save the presence of an extra figure. They knew Briggsy Whimple too well to ask questions.

An hour passed. Then a tow headed man in a gray sweater began climbing the ladder to the bridge.

"My relief," said the man at the wheel.

The muzzle of Fallon's revolver found lodgment in the small of Whimple's back. "Stop that fellow," he said in a harsh whisper, "and if you let him have a hint as to what's going on the beneficiary of your life insurance will make a quick collection."

The mate scowled, but the feel of metal on his backbone was impelling. "Get down there, you d—d fool," he roared. "Torkelson'll keep the wheel until I order otherwise."

The tow headed sailor stared wonderingly for a minute, but returned to the deck. He was thankful for the respite, but he was puzzled just the same.

Fallon drew a long breath of relief. Fate has a habit, however, of waiting until a man feels secure, and then dealing him a knockout punch. Had it been the turn of any other sailor than the tow headed one to take the wheel Wally might have been spared a good deal of trouble. While the assistant general manager of the African West Coast Navigation Company sat with his pistol trained in the general direction of Briggsy Whimple, and thought of Judith and Whitey Belziger, the sailor went down into the brig. He had hidden a quart of villainous liquor there, and he decided that this was an excellent time to sample it. He found his captain trussed up in a bunk, and liberated him without taking time to hunt for the bottle.

The Cod went up the companionway, roaring like a madman, only to find himself baffled on reaching the deck. Fallon kept Whimple between himself and a possible fusillade and spoke straight to the point:

"I've got enough bullets here to account for you and every member of your drew, Cod. . . . And let me give you a tip. If you have the engineer slacken speed I'm going to drill a pattern in Briggsy's head. And he's too valuable a mate for you to lose, isn't he?"

The Cod thought so. He hurled a curse at Wally Fallon, and went below. The object of vituperation was apprehensive. He knew the Cod for a desperate and resourceful man. When the attack came it would be all the more bitter for its postponement.

The men were called below, and for an hour more the deck was deserted. Whimple twisted about nervously. He could not keep still. Torkelson kept the steamer to its course with stolid unconcern. Apparently the volcano bubbling under his feet had no terrors for him. Fallon was also imperturbable, but kept close watch on his enforced companions.

When the crew came on deck again they carried their dunnage bags. The towheaded sailor and a companion climbed into the port lifeboat, unstrapped the tarpaulin, and put in the plugs. Beneath them the spray leaped up, tapping against the sides, for the Mary Fisher was stepping along at a fifteen-mile clip. When towhead and his mate finished they went to work on the starboard boat. Then the dunnage bags were loaded in them.

"What are you doing?" shouted Whimple. It actually seemed to hurt him not to know the reason for those strange actions. The sailors paid no attention to him, and his curiosity burned in vain.

The sun wet its edge in the ocean by the time they finished, and turned the level plain of the sea into a riotous blast of color. A blue haze began spreading across the sky.

Torkelson sniffed. "I smell something burning," he said, and at that moment an oily column of smoke billowed up from the 'midships companionway. Presently the ship's speed slackened, and it came to an uneasy rest. The engine-room crew piled out on deck, coal-smeared and sweating.

"Fire! Fire!" they shouted.

Briggsy Whimple sprang to his feet, but Fallon's threatening revolver forced him back. "If you get careless," Wally warned, "you'll be in a hotter place than the Mary Fisher quicker than you can wink an eye."

The Cod's voice boomed out from the shelter of a hatch. "I've fired the ship—her innerds is an oven now, an' nothin' can save her. But she's insured, so it's all right with me. The men are goin' to lower the boats, an' pick me off the stern so you can't pop me with that gun o' yours. You can shoot them beauties up there, or you can let 'em go—I don't care—but you are goin' to roast with the Mary Fisher——"

A burst of flame rared out of the companionway. The men swung the boats out on their davits.

"Go down," said Fallon to Torkelson, who had not said a word. The man at the wheel marched out, and joined his mates.

"What about me?" whimpered Briggsy.

Wally shoved him out of the door. "You might as well go, too," he said contemptously. "If I have to die I don't want to do it in company with a chicken-hearted baby like you!"

Within ten minutes the Mary Fisher was doomed, and her crew was a quarter mile away, pulling steadily at their oars. Wally Fallon remained in the pilot house, the westering sun barring his face with crimson. He was not afraid of death—but it seemed a pity to pass out of the world with so much left undone. If he lived three lives, at least, would be much happier—for he could prove that Whitey Belziger had not killed Barton Wike out there at Whispering Hills. And Judith—Wally closed his eyes. He could see her standing there before him——

Below he could hear the sullen roaring of flames, and felt the heat that was already blistering the paint on the bridge.

VIII.

EVERY one who could jam into Judge Holloway's court on the day of St. Louis Whitey's trial did so. It was the most sensational case in Benton City's criminal history, and curiosity seekers found it more entralling than a matinee.

Judith and Mrs. Belziger sat not three yards from Whitey and his lawyer. Amos Folk, sodden from a perpetual debauch, half-dozed over the table, and scrawled meaningless hieroglyphics on a pad of paper. Apparently the life or death of his client was a matter of absolute unconcern to him.

The girl's blood boiled with anger. It was not fair. They were not giving the accused boy a chance for his life. The detectives, the police commissioner, the district attorney were fighting for their ambitions—ambitions that must, inevitably, be built on tears and broken hearts and the crushed bodies of such men as St. Louis Whitey Belziger.

Where was Wally? . . . Where was he? . . . He had promised that a real fight should be made. How could this be with him absent and such a man as Folk defending the interests of the accused?

The first witness to be called was Judith. She testified to the loss of her brooch, but refused to identify Whitey as the man who took it. District Attorney Rattray tried to force her to do this, but failed. It was admitted that the ballroom was dark—so dark, in fact, that it was possible for the thief's face to have been indistinguishable at a few feet.

Followed Commissioner Voshell, who told of coming on the body after Fallon had found it; and of communications with the police of New York, St. Louis and San Francisco, and the authorities of San Quentin penitentiary regarding the criminal record of the defendant.

The physician who had attended the dying man was next, but his testimony was purely technical, and had no direct connection with Whitey. Then followed Detective Harris, who slouched to the stand and testified with almost personal venom toward the prisoner. Then came Shaugnessy, who had made the arrest on Mr. Voshell's orders when he learned that Belziger was an ex-convict and had found the brooch in his possession. His words had an obvious effect on the jury.

Judith, who had returned to her place by Mrs. Belziger, watched him with contempt. He was ambitious and his promotion depended on the conviction of the boy he accused. That was true with all the forces of the prosecution. Voshell's political aspirations would be furthured. Rattray would advance another step toward the state's attorney generalship. Shaugnessy would get a sergeant's stripes.

She turned her gaze on Whitey. She saw the square jaw and sharp nose under the shock of straw-colored hair; blue eyes that did not waver under the stare of the prosecuting attorney or the coolly appraising glance of Judge Holloway. They called him the "Iron Judge," but Whitey looked at him as steadily as tho he were a common man.

What was going on behind the blue eyes of Belziger? Positive knowledge of his innocence lay there behind a fraction of an inch of bone and tissue, where the wisest man in the courtroom could not see it. How must it feel to realize that you are no more than a rat in a trap, and that, like a rat, your life will be taken for the good of the community?

The prosecution forged a strong circumstantial case. Whitey was an employe of the Whispering Hills Club. A series of robberies had commenced there shortly after he was taken on. Tho he was supposed to have the night of the crime "off," and he had not been seen in the vicinity of the club, the brooch had been found in his possession.

Rattray hammered away at the point, making it appear that the theft of the brooch and the murder of Barton Wike were committed by the same person—and that person Whitey Belziger. He argued and orated. The brooch had been found in Belziger's possession—He could not prove his whereabouts on the night in question—He had a criminal record—The brooch had been found in his possession—And Rattray pointed out that even if there was a doubt in the mind of a juryman concerning the actual striking of the fatal blow they could still convict Whitey of first degree murder. A man had been killed during the perpetration of a felony in which the defendant had been engaged. That—under the laws of their state—made Belziger as guilty as the man who struck the blow; if there had been another man, which Rattray doubted.

Had Whitey's lawyer been alert he might have found ammunition for his guns to oppose this attack. Instead, he drowsed in his chair, chewing at a pencil, and asking an occasional—and not always relevant—question.

The first witness for the defense was the prisoner's mother. Judith helped her tenderly to her feet, but her wet eyes were on Whitey's face. He was of hardy enough fibre to stand any grilling—even to go to the chair with a derisive smile—but that lonely little woman fumbling toward her Calvary broke him. He could endure anything but his mother's pain.

The district attorney's face hardened. He did not want any "mother love-sob stuff" to soften the jury's hearts, and he was prepared to fight it.

Mrs. Belziger told her story in a low voice that was tragic with pain, too deep for tears. She admitted that Whitey had served one term in prison, but she insisted that he had broken away from bad company and had "gone straight" for more than a year.

"On the night they say my boy killed Mr. Wike he was home with me—in bed with a sick headache. No matter what the police say about him he has always been a good son to me—and before God he is innocent of this charge."

"We are not asking your opinions, Mrs. Balziger," said Rattray caustically. "Have you any witnesses to confirm the statement that your son was home on the night in question?"

"No."

"No? How is that?"

"There are only two people that know he was home—because they were the only ones who saw him. I have no friends. We were entirely alone. My son had come home from the club at 3 o'clock in the morning. There was no one about then, of course. I made him some coffee, and he went to bed, feeling rather badly. He stayed there all day. At 10 o'clock that night the man who is called the North Beach Rock Cod called in company with a companion—he was a sailor, too, I suppose. They talked for fifteen minutes or so——"

"What was their conversation about?" Rattray interrupted.

Mrs. Belziger flushed and looked away. "They—they seemed to think that my son had been stealing from the Whispering Hills Club, and they wanted what they called a 'divvy.' Harry told them

(Continued on Page 19.)

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What Happened to the Man Who Became a Gorilla, and His Gorilla Regiment

The Head of Professor Penola

By William P. Barron

CHAPTER III.

WINTER was upon them and they must store their dwelling place with firewood, which they did abundantly with the female gorillas to help. Then they roamed the forest for game, which when killed, the old Zulu knew how to dry and preserve. In killing this game they used as little of the ammunition as possible as it was very precious, therefore they resorted to primitive methods of hunting and it was wonderful how well they succeeded when once they had taught themselves to rely upon their own resources and leave the automatics at home.

All the short winter they sat about the fire, the gorillas with them as one family now. The food was shared in common and before spring came after the brief winter many of the other gorillas had been taught to bring wood and replenish the fire. As they sat about the fire Penola used to look into the pathetically sad eyes of these ape people and wonder and speculate what lay back in the subconscious memory behind those eyes. If it could only find expression! Memories of vast forests, of hideous monsters, fled from or overcome; of the perils of awful tempests that had rent the first forest and terrorized the animal life sheltered there beyond the power of consciousness to bear!

As they slept and dozed before the grateful warmth of the fire, whose virtues he hoped he was gradually teaching them, they would give little whimpering cries in their sleep; or under the stress of a more terrifying dream would leap up in their half-stooping, half-erect attitude, with horrible screams of terror. And Penola would wonder and wonder what fear, what inherited, age-old terror of the mind had stalked across their consciousness, gripping the poor-half-human beast and making its dream-life a hell.

Others in their sleep would reach out groping paws in the semi-darkness when the fire was low, and with only the mysterious white glimmering light of the cave roof, by which to see, would seize the paw of their mate and go back to sleep content.

It was in this way that Zuela would grope and search for his hand in the night. It was very pathetic and very human; it moved him strangely beyond his power to explain.

As he thus mused and thought the long winter nights thru, his love for these ape people grew upon him, until their welfare and advancement became dearer to him than life, blotting out all memory of his previous existence, except an occasional thought which he dismissed as quickly as it came. Truly the soko-mitsu had bewitched him!

It must have been, so Penola thought, with the first chieftains of primitive man, the first kings, who were chiefs and kings by virtue of their love for, and the benefit they gave, the tribe, thru their superior powers of mind and body. They had sincerely loved and cared for their people until the tribes had grown into nations and civilization had made tribe life top-heavy, and service became only a hidden form of selfishness.

As Penola taught the female gorillas, or tried to teach them the simple primitive household duties, Sam and the old Zulu foregathered with the males. They easily taught them the use of the club, the apes taking to it readily. It was much harder, however, to teach them "to follow the leader" or "hunt with the pack," but this also was finally accomplished. Within six months, when Spring was on them again, the male gorillas were ready to hunt together effectively under the leadership of Sam and the old warrior, and to bring in their game and store it for common use.

Sam and the Zulu had not only learned to speak the gorilla language fluently, but had also fixed up between themselves a common language of signs, broken Zulu and equally fractured English so they could understand each other.

Under their leadership the thirty-odd males had become well-trained in the use of the club, together with some semblance of fighting together for the common good. Sam's "gorilla marines," as he called them, were getting to be formidable foes. Sam and the Zulu knew this and no drillmaster working for a gold swagger stick and a two hundred dollar prize ever worked more assiduously with a company of rookies than did these two with the thirty gorillas.

Professor Penola was so busy planting his garden with eatable herbs which the old Zulu had brought from the jungle, and setting out trees and bushes to more effectively conceal the entrance to the old Phoenician mine, that he paid no attention to Sam and the Zulu. As he watched his herbs grow and thrive under cultivation he saw much food stored away for winter in the cave which he was already piling high with wood brought in by the patient females of the species. That was about all he could trust them to do alone, but once set at their tasks, and really going, they would fetch and carry wood all day.

WHILE our peaceful agriculturist was dreaming over well-filled barns, Sam and the Zulu dreamed dreams of conquest and revenge on the Pigmies. They were planning a raid on the village of the tree Pigmies, in which they were going to try out the male gorillas in a free-for-all fight. With this in mind, they worked and drilled, coaxed and scolded, until thirty doughty warriors stood forth as one to do their bidding. "I'll jus' bet, Unc' George"—Sam's pet name for the old Zulu—"dat we'll make dem tree-niggers take to de tall timber shore nuff, when we gits among 'em wid dese here boys," said Sam, gazing admiringly at the gorillas, each one of them armed with a huge club and all of them standing at as near "attention" as a gorilla could be expected to stand.

"Does you reckon we can risk 'em stayin' wid us, now?" The old Zulu nodded. He had learned to partly understand Sam's English, and Sam had learned to partly understand Zulu. As the old man nodded he glanced with the pride of a drillmaster at these brutes, that in his wildest dreams he would never had believed capable of taking as much training as had been accomplished. The gorillas had not been tested out in actual fighting, but he believed that they could be trusted in the raid on the tree Pigmies, whose intelligence was not, in some respects at least, equal to that of the gorillas.

The Shower of Stones and Clubs Did Not Stop the Advance of Sam, the Zulu, Nor the Few Gorillas That Followed Them.

"When the moon fulls again, Michamba (strange brother), we will set soko-mitsu against the Pigmies and test their valor as warriors. One such a lesson and we need not fear again, the soko-mitsu are cunning to see what is best, and in their hearts they hate the little brothers of the trees as they hate all things but themselves."

But they were to test it out sooner than at the time of the full moon, not yet a quarter full. That very night, attracted by the smell of stored and drying food, or happening by mere chance to come upon the place, another great rock python raided the cave, com-

(Continued on Page 21.)

Refresh Your Memory With This and Then Finish the Story

PROFESSOR JOHN PENOLA, instructor in Biology and Natural History at Brownleigh College, past middle-age and married, became dissatisfied with his dull and routine life and longed for the further knowledge that could only be gained by an adventure into the wilds of darkest Africa. The wife, far below the professor in natural intelligence and learning, childless and not over-amiable as a home companion, was not so much of an obstacle in the path of the professor's ambitions as was the leanness of his purse.

Now, Professor Penola had a peculiar shaped head, and he had frequently permitted it to be examined by other scientists. In several ways its formation —especially the frontal part—compared very favorably with the skulls of large apes, or gorillas. Also, there was a bigness of bodily frame, looseness of joints, and shambling movements that stamped the professor as being quite different from the average man, physically. Possibly it was this that led him to experiment with living specimens of the monkey families, of which he had many. By the aid of a phonograph he had studied and learned the monkey languages, which differed very little among the simian species.

To acquire money for his African expedition Professor Penola sold his head to the Society of Astronomical Research for $40,000—$20,000 in hand, $20,000 to go to his heirs after his death and deliverance of his body to the society. The professor was accompanied to Africa by his man servant,

SAM, a stocky, large-framed negro, and once there the pair plunged into the jungle that bordered a British outpost. They soon disguised themselves in two gorilla hides that had been dried and preserved by an aged Zulu, who had been a gorilla hunter.

In time, the professor chanced to come upon a desperate fight between an old and young gorilla, in which the elder slew his foe. After the professor had beaten off a pack of wild dogs that attacked the old gorilla and a female who had watched the gorillas battle, and the trio were forced to flee the spot when set upon by swarms of vicious bees, the professor sought refuge in a cave and soon fell asleep. Upon awakening the female gorilla, deceived by the professor's strange disguise, was holding him lovingly in her arms, evidently having accepted him as her champion and mate, as was the custom of her kind.

Sam and the aged Zulu, following the professor's trail, were attacked and captured by a band of

PIGMIES, strange little people who lived in crude huts built in trees. They were securely bound, but otherwise well treated and well fed. Evidently the little people were cannibals, and their prisoners were to be fattened and eaten. Meanwhile the professor, the female gorilla and other giant apes assembled in the cavern were attacked by a huge python snake, which Penola killed with a crowbar found during his explorations of the cave, together with queer gold coins, strange weapons, utensils, etc., that might have been employed by a prehistoric race.

Sam and the old Zulu escaped from the Pigmies and in due time rejoined the professor, and a gorilla hide having been furnished the Zulu—being the hide of a gorilla crushed to death by the eighty-foot snake—the trio of adventurers now could hardly be detected among the thirty or more giant apes among whom they freely mingled. "Surely, my white brother has bewitched the soko-mitsu," whispered the old Zulu to the professor, soko-mitsu being the Zulu name for the gorillas.

How the adventurers became members of the gorillas themselves, and how Sam trained an army of big apes to exterminate the vicious cannibal Pigmies, will be told in the concluding chapters of the interesting story next week. Don't miss the thrilling battle between the trained gorilla warriors and the fierce fighting midgets.

This story began in No. 17, the Ledger for April 29. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

A Story of Hill-folk by a Writer Who Knows Them

The Law and the Man

By Hapsburg Liebe

Half Sitting Up in Bed, With a Pillow at His Back, Was Old Fiddler Bill Starbird, Smiling Faintly, but Stone Dead.

"HI, TOM!"

"Good mawning, Peck."

The laziest man in the county, a man as red-headed as a woodpecker, walked into lanky old Sheriff Tom Light's office and dropped into a chair beside an open window. He glanced absent-mindedly up and down Barrettsville's maple-shaded main street, which lay as quiet as a country road in the dim September sunshine, and then toward the not far distant ramparts of the Smokies, which had already begun their annual Indian summer dream. Tow Light watched his caller closely with those piercing blue eyes of his—eyes which, it had been said, could see thru a stone wall—and wondered just what was coming.

"Fine day, Tom," drawled "Peck" Apperson, presently.

"Shorely." Light began to twist his pale-gray mustache into fine points. "What's on your mind, Peck? Anything 'cept yore hat?"

"How much," bluntly, "is it worth to know whar Cale Towers is at?"

"Not a dawg-gone cent," growled Light. "I reckon I could find him out at old 'Fiddler Bill' Starbird's, if I wanted him."

Apperson grinned oddly and rose. "Go and see if he's thar!"

He swaggered out and turned toward the hills, homeward. Light went to the doorway and called after him.

"If you'd go to work, Peck, dawg-gone you, you'd git along. Reward-hunting is pore truck, shorely. I believe you think the woodpeckers is a-going to feed yore children, dawg-gone you, 'cause they're red-headed."

Tom Light shrugged his shoulders and went back to his desk. He began to think of young Caleb Towers, of the lawless old Y Creek Towerses, feudists and bad men extraordinary. "Fiddler Bill" Starbird had taken Caleb up and was making him into a worthwhile man instead of a desperado, and Caleb had shown himself bright, hard-working, as square as a die, and as honest as Heaven, now that somebody believed in him. Light had picked him for a winner in life's handicap.

Starbird was growing very old, and, like the sheriff himself, he had never married. He lived in a big brick house in the outskirts of the town, and back of the house stretched his three hundred acres of fine corn land and meadow. The two things on earth that really interested him were unfortunate humanity and a violin so old and battered that few other people would have cared to own it.

"Go and see ef he's thar!" Peck Apperson had said, speaking of Caleb Towers.

"Now, I wonder," the officer muttered, "if anything's happened——"

The tinkle of his telephone bell interrupted. Light took up the receiver carelessly. As tho in answer to the question he had been about to put to himself, he heard this, in an unsteady voice:

"Greensly—at Starbird's—come quick ——"

It died out thickly. Light dropped the receiver to its hook, ran to his waiting horse, leaped into the saddle with an agility surprising in one of his age, and was soon moving at a swift gallop toward the Starbird home.

He dismounted hastily at the gate and ran up to the front door. Nobody answered his impatient rap, and he hastened thru the broad hallway and into Starbird's first-floor bedroom. An oil lamp still burned on a table beside the bed, and the window-shades were still drawn. He sent the shades flying upward, and wheeled to look. Born sleuth that he was, he knew before he saw that he was in the presence of something grim and tragic.

Half sitting up in bed, with pillows at his back, was old "Fiddler Bill" Starbird, benefactor to all of suffering humanity that ever came his way, yet smiling faintly, but stone-dead. On the coverlet before him lay the battered fiddle and the scarred bow. Tom Light took off his broad-rimmed hat and began to see the kindly, white face dimly. . . . Then there were uneven footsteps in the doorway, and the short and stocky figure of Griffin Greensly staggered into the room.

The Two Weapons Made a Single Report.

Here was another man whom Starbird had taken in and given a chance. But Greensly was from the gutter, while Caleb Towers had seen daylight first in the clean, wild hills.

"Where's Cale, Griff?" the sheriff asked in a voice that was cold and almost expressionless. He saw now that Greensly's face was purple with bruises.

"I don't—know!" was the shaky answer.

Greensly half fell into a chair. Light bent over him, and he went on, after the officer had ordered him to begin at the beginning and tell it all:

"Mr. Starbird closed a deal with a Knoxville man for the house and farm yesterday. Twenty thousand cash, he told me and Gale, and he said he had the money on him. He meant to buy the old Haney plantation and build it up. Mr. Starbird hadn't been sleepin' well o' nights. He'd got some sleepin'-powders from Doc Treadway, and Treadway said he mustn't take 'em closer than three hours apart, because his heart wouldn't stand it. Cale and me would come downstairs at night to see how he was gettin' along. This mornin' I comes in to see if he's all right, and I—I——"

"Yes, yes," Light prompted. "Go ahead with it, Griff."

Greensly stiffened himself and continued weakly:

"Cale Towers was in here. He met me at the door, and he looked queer. I pushed past him, and saw that Mr. Starbird was dead. Then I looked at the powders bottle there on the mantel, and seen it was empty; the last time I'd seen it, there was at least four powders in it. I 'cused Cale o' double-dosin' Mr. Starbird, so he could rob him o' the twenty thousand, and I tried to hold him until I could get you on the 'phone. He hit me with somethin', and I didn't know anything for a long time. I'd just come to when I called you. That—and that's all I know."

Tom Light looked down upon the man with narrowed eyes. He had never liked Greensly. More times than one he had told Starbird that nothing could be made of him. Pearls had come from the gutter, yes but Greensly was no pearl.

"I wonder," he asked himself, "if I've put my bet on the wrong hawse?"

Aloud, he said to Greensly: "What shape was the twenty thousand in?"

"I—I don't know. I never seen it."

"Uh-hum," mumbled the officer. "You set tight, Griff, and I'll call Doc Treadway out here to fix you up. Cale's a hawse of a fighter, ain't he? But I got to admit it looks like Cale got away with that money, Griff."

At once he got Treadway on the wire. Then he rang off and proceeded to 'phone a number of men who were important in the legal and financial affairs of Barrettsville. He learned facts that set him to thinking hard.

Old "Fiddler Bill" Starbird had the day before signed a deed to his house and farm, the consideration being twenty thousand dollars cash in hand; the magistrate had gone out to Starbird's home to get his signature, and he didn't know what form the money had been in. Save for a small checking account, Starbird had no money in the bank. The deceased had no relatives so far as anybody knew, and, oddly, his lawyer had never been able to persuade him into making a will.

The doctor came, and shortly afterward the coroner arrived. Treadway made a careful post-mortem examination and turned to Sheriff Tom Light.

"Greensly's on the right track, Tom," he said. "It was an overdose of them powders. But he couldn't ha' lasted six months, at best."

A THORO search was made for the missing twenty thousand, and not a sign of it was found. It looked bad for Caleb Towers, of the bad old Y Creek Towerses. The long arm of the law got ready to reach out.

But days passed without event. It was late in the evening, and Tom Light sat in his little office fighting bravely and alone for his belief in a man. He had picked few losers, and he had been very certain of Caleb Towers. He rose and walked to a window facing the street, which was almost or quite deserted. Then he walked across the floor and drew up at a window that looked out upon the creek, and the iron-trimmed front of the county's jail beyond—and just then a voice called to him from somewhere in the darkness:

"That you, Tom?"

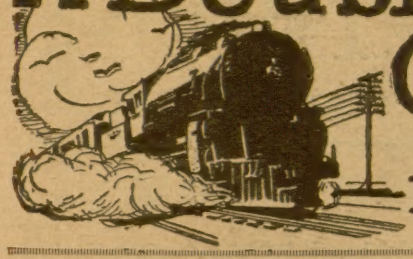
Light recognized the voice as that of Caleb Towers!

"Yes, Cale," he answered quietly, "it's

(Continued on Page 20.)

Further Chapters and New Turns in

A Double-headed Conspiracy



by Horace Howard Herr

Who's Who in the Railroad Drama

HARDIN M'KEARNEY, General Manager of the Continental Line's Western divisions, and stockholder as well; expert railroad man who began his career as fireman on freight trains, when his big dinner paid frequently contained nothing more substantial than stale air.

KATE M'KEARNEY, the General Manager's wife, who as a healthy, jovial girl had been the life and mascot of a certain popular railroad restaurant; cashier she was, but never too proud to hand a humble railroad lad a slab o' pie and a smile.

PATRICIA M'KEARNEY, just graduated from a young ladies' seminary; full of big and noble ideas; anxious to "democratize our democracy" and to aid the Midnight Missions in "rescuing the perishing;" a good girl who always meant well.

HARDIN JACKSON M'KEARNEY, just out of college, whose mind ran principally to golf, bulldogs and cigarettes, but willing to master the railroad game **from the top down;** believed he could start as master bridge builder, if the governor would say the word; but the governor wouldn't say it.

JACKSON REILLY, assistant to the General Manager; was rear brakeman when Mac, Sr., fired the big freight hogs; knew and admired Kate in the old, grimy days; made his home with the nappy pair after their marriage; when children arrived became the "fetch and carry," the Newfoundland dog of the family; in fact, he's the droll, humorous chap who relates the whole amusing story.

BURALEEN BISHOFF, a former seminary girl of veiled family connections; much too pink and flimsy to win Jackson's approval; Patricia's guest in the McKearney home, but not entirely welcome, apparently, to her parents, because of her marked attentions to Hardin J., the son; scant dresser at the dinner table; "liable to fall out of her clothes most any time," according to the loquacious Jackson.

SPEEDY BARBER, ranchman and deputy sheriff much feared by cattle rustlers; a dead shot, let the foe be mountain lion or two-legged prowler; he didn't believe in wasting ammunition; friend of Jackson's and Mac's.

BILLY BARBER, Speedy's son; chip of the old block; at the age of 10, proud owner of the ill-fated Arizona burro. "Let Jackson tell about that particular burro." That's what Billy, now a broad-shouldered, regular he-man, would say.

This story began in No. 13, the Ledger for April 1. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER IX.

WITH convincing evidence that Buraleen Bishoff and Dane Bishoff were no more related than the King of Diamonds and the Deuce of Spades, I was so impressed with the prudence of finding out just who she might be. To be sure I could not testify, on oath, that she had represented herself as being of the banker's family. Pat, whose democratic ideals preclude discriminations as to family trees and names, was responsible for my impressions. The best evidence I could give would be hear-say and, of course, that wouldn't go in any reputable court.

Whoever and whatever may have been to blame for it, the fact is that Mac, Kate and I had jumped at the conclusion that Buraleen was the banker and railroad magnate's daughter. Of course, I know how dangerous it is to jump at conclusions. I learned that early in life when a stoop-shouldered, consumptive-looking boomer switchman in Gallup, N. M., tried to tell me something about spotting cars and I jumped at the conclusion that I could put him in the clear with one good poke in the nose. When the argument had taken its natural course, my head brakeman and the boomer, carried me gently back to my caboose and by using four bits of raw beef on each eye, I was able to see the main line leading out of town the next day when I was called for road service.

But some of us do not learn as much from experience as others of us, and having formed the habit of jumping at conclusions it was only natural, I suppose, that I went wrong so easily on Buraleen's identity.

If I do say it myself I'm pretty clever when it comes to running down Over, Short and Damage claims and making sense out of trainbook record of side and end door seals, but that didn't help me much in looking up the record of a woman. A telephone book gave no clew and Dane Bishoff enjoyed the distinction of being the only Bishoff in Eversdale according to the directory. Those were the only official lists I could think of. It occurred to me the police might help me locate the woman, but I rather disliked calling in uniformed assistance. I know it would be a shock to me to find out that the police were hunting for me; a fellow never can be sure which one of his crimes has caught up with him. A woman is, I suspect, more sensitive in these matters than a man and I didn't want to be held responsible for the scene, if there was one, when a blue-coated officer caught up with Buraleen and said, "I'm looking for you."

Of course, the postoffice authorities could help me if they would, but I wanted to retire from active business in ten or fifteen years and I didn't like the idea of running a chance of having unfinished business with the postoffice. When you start that red tape to winding you never can be sure how long it will take to finish the job because the clerk you ask for information has to refer it to the postmaster, who refers it to the division superintendent, who refers it to the department supervisor, who passes it on to Washington, where it is made the subject of a committee investigation and by the time the information works its way back to the place from which it originated, it's almost impossible to find the legal heirs of the person who started the trouble.

But I was up against it. If Buraleen was putting something over on Mac, or any of us, including Hardin J., it wouldn't do to advertise for her in the Lost, Strayed or Stolen column, because the minute she saw some one was after her she would get running orders for another division. The postoffice was my best bet, which means that as for betting I was on a hundred-to-one-shot.

The hotel clerk seemed to be almost human and I appealed to him:

"Know the mail carrier on this beat?" I asked.

"Sure."

"Friend of yours?"

"Sure."

"Do you a favor if he had a chance?"

"Sure."

"Well, I'm up against it," I explained, going ahead slow because I didn't want to be charged with attempting to bribe any one. "There's a young woman in this city who is, I believe, interested in some railroad securities which I know about and it's important to her that I find her——"

"Name?" the clerk interrupted.

"I've got to keep it under cover, you understand, because there are others after these securities. Her name isn't in the city directory and she doesn't appear to have a telephone."

"I see," the clerk exclaimed, thereby showing that he had good eyesight. "Must have moved here within the last two months because the city directory was put out two months ago."

"The postoffice must have her address, but you know what will happen if I walk up to the postoffice and ask him to reveal anything as sacred as a woman's address. Now, if your postman was the sort that would——"

"But he would have to have the woman's name," the clerk interrupted.

"I don't mind that, if it's not for publication," I volunteered. "If he will look up the records in the office and see to what address certain mail is being delivered I'll be glad to slip him a ten-dollar note and no questions asked."

"Just to make it regular why not write the woman a note addressing it to the hotel and then I'll ask Bob, the mail man, to get me a good address so that I can forward the letter?"

That sounded reasonable to me so I went over to the writing room, put two sheets of plain paper in an envelope addressed to Miss Buraleen Bishoff, care of the Commercial Hotel, Eversdale. When I had put a stamp on the envelope I walked back to the desk and handed it to the clerk:

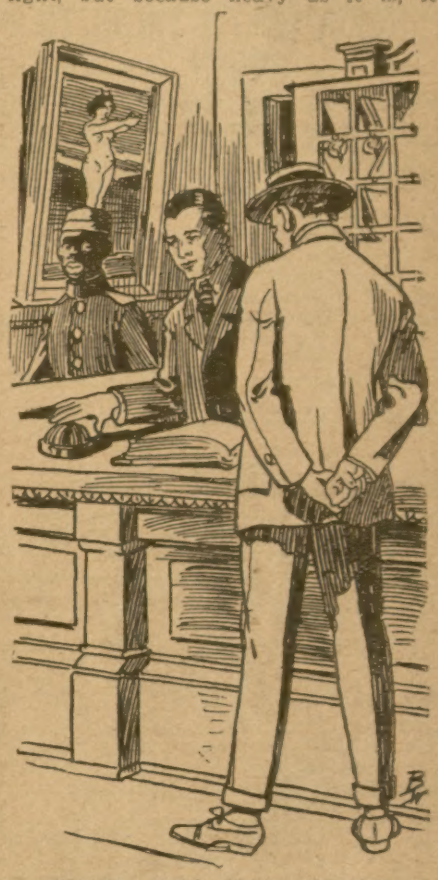
"You'll just keep that name to yourself," I suggested.

He glanced at the envelope as if his interest was no more intense than was compatible with politeness, it being understood that I'm using a phrase which if not original with Pat, has the approval of her frequent usage, and then, not even the illegibility of the fist I write could have explained his sudden interest in the marks on that envelope.

He jammed his fist down on the call bell and in a voice not altogether free from excitement called:

"Cotton, hey! Cotton, Front!"

Cotton, appeared to be so called for the same reason that an engine is called light; not because it really is light, but because heavy as it is, it



"Cotton, Hey! Cotton, Front!"

doesn't pull a train. An engine runs light when it isn't attached to anything. All of which doesn't make much sense but is the superlative degree of logic when compared with the proposition of naming what appeared at the desk, "Cotton." The front end of a sooty engine, for color, very much resembled "Cotton." He shuffled out from the depths of the parcel room just back of the desk with a jerky motion as if run-

(Continued on Page 11.)

Taste is a matter of tobacco quality

We state it as our honest belief that the tobaccos used in Chesterfield are of finer quality (and hence of better taste) than in any other cigarette at the price.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Chesterfield

CIGARETTES

of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos—blended

"They Satisfy"

A Page for the Woman in the Home

VICTORIA GREY'S TALKS TO WOMEN

GOOD morning, people! Hail to the joy of spring sunshine and healthful endeavor and birds singing and work!

They say "He travels furthest who travels alone." However, we might often turn that about and say, "He travels alone who travels furthest." For as one climbs along the rocky roads of accomplishment one surely finds that, one by one, one's traveling company drops away.

Several young women I knew at one time when I was writing in a small town, took it into their heads to become surgeons. It was a daring thing to decide upon, yet the four of them called upon the local surgeon and doctor of the town. His advice may or may not have been the best, but it was that the four young women should enter some hospital and train as nurses, and after the four years' course, that they should then enter the medical college of a co-education university.

The four girls, highly delighted at finding a definite course to pursue, went to a great city and registered in the nurses' training school of a very modern hospital. When they had been there but three weeks, however, a young man in one of the rooms on the floor where Imogene was on general duty, fell desperately in love with the latter. When he had recovered, he woed her with candy and flowers and concert and theater tickets. Imogene's parents came to the city to look the young man over and make inquiries about him. They found he had means and was of good family.

When he pleaded with her to marry him she had a hard mental struggle; for she had set her heart on becoming a doctor; on helping suffering humanity. But eventually she assented and her three companions served as bridesmaids in her splendid wedding.

The three missed their companion very deeply but continued diligently in their training. Two years elapsed when a very wealthy woman who was widowed, was brought to the hospital for an appendix removal. Sarah "specialed" her, that is, became her hospital special nurse. As the patient recovered, she loved to be read to. Sarah had a very soothing and magnetic voice and the woman took such a fancy to her that she made the girl a proposition: Mrs. Arnold, the patient in question, was going to tour the entire world; it would take years; she wanted to live at least a year in every country on the globe. Would Sarah go with her as companion? She would be paid a weekly salary and Mrs. Arnold would make her her heiress.

It was a bitter struggle. Sarah lay awake for a week of nights. Finally she accepted.

When the four years were up, the remaining two girls graduated. But Pansy was offered a position as head nurse in

(Continued on Page 11.)

AN IDEA FOR SUNDAY'S THREE MEALS

BREAKFAST.

Apple Sauce
Cereal and Cream
Bacon
Muffins Coffee or Milk

DINNER.

Roast Beef Browned Potatoes
Parsnips Cranberry Sauce
Orange Cream Sponge

SUPPER.

Bananas in a Casserole
Toast
Celery Salad
Hot Chocolate Cookies

MUFFINS.

One quart of milk, two eggs, a piece of butter the size of an egg, one tablespoonful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted in flour sufficient to make batter the stiffness of sponge cake. Bake in a quick oven in gem tins or muffin rings, which should be buttered and heated.

ORANGE CREAM SPONGE.

Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter, add one-fourth cupful flour, and stir until well blended; then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, one cupful of scalded milk, and bring to the boiling point. Add one tablespoonful of grated orange rind to the yolks of four eggs, and beat until thick and lemon colored; then add gradually one-fourth cupful of sugar, continuing the beating. Combine mixtures and fold in the whites of four eggs, beaten until stiff and dry. Turn into buttered melon mold, cover, and steam thirty minutes.

BANANAS IN A CASSEROLE.

Peel five or six bananas; scrape off the coarse threads, and cut the bananas in halves, lengthwise, and the pieces in halves, crosswise. Put these into a casserole. Melt a small glass of currant jelly in a cup of boiling water and pour over the bananas; then squeeze over them the juice of half a lemon; cover the dish, and let cook in a moderate oven about half an hour.

DOMESTIC HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

WITH YESTERDAY'S CEREAL

WHENEVER you have left-over cereal on hand you have the wherewithal for a really delicious delicacy—not something just to heat over into the rather unpalatable mass that heated-over cereal usually is, but something really delicious.

To begin with, any of the very fine-grained cereals make tempting desserts if they are simply moulded in custard cups, or else cut in neat squares and served with rich preserved fruit or a sauce of fruit sirup. This applies to the fine-grained cereals, such as farina.

Then there are cereal muffins. You can, indeed, add cooked cereal to any muffin batter, leaving out some of the flour.

And here is a special recipe for hominy popovers. Beat two eggs separately and add first the yolks to a cup of boiled hominy, with half a teaspoon of salt and tablespoon of melted butter. Mix thoroly and then add the beaten whites of the eggs. Pour into muffin pans greased and hot and bake until puffy and brown.

And here is a soup made of farina or any other fine-grained cereal: Heat two quarts of liquid, consisting of milk and water mixed, with more milk than water. Add salt and a cup of cooked cereal and cook in a double boiler until the cereal is well blended, stirring the lumps out. Add two eggs, beaten together, remove from the fire as soon as the eggs have been cooked to custard consistency, and sprinkle over the soup half a cup of grated cheese and paprika to taste.

A delicious prune pudding is made by beating mashed prunes and prune juice, sufficiently sweetened, into cold cooked cereal, and serving in glass dessert dishes. It is to be served with soft boiled custard, or with cream, whipped or plain.

And cooked cereal of any sort may be added to vegetable or meat soup. It is useful in this way both for giving flavor and for thickening.

THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME

JOKING THAT HURTS

THERE are some persons who seem to think that it is very amusing to make sport of the peculiarities of their friends and associates.

There is the woman who marries a man who is very short—shorter than she is perhaps; and for some reason she seems to think that she is making the best of the difference in height when she laughingly calls her husband "Little runt," or "Sawed-off dear." Of course it is amusing, some one always smiles, but it is quite likely that the "little runt" in question is rather sensitive on the question and is a little hurt every time she makes the remark.

It is the husband who offends in this matter sometimes. The poor man who marries a rich wife sometimes makes sport of the matter by saying: "I knew my wife had money. I wouldn't have married her if she hadn't."

This is intended as harmless bantering, no doubt, but the wife about whom such a remark is made may really feel a little offense just because she knows that some people make a similar statement in all seriousness.

The fact is that some people probably derive some sort of pleasure from these jesting, bantering remarks. They seem to think that in making them they show their wit. Sometimes they think to put themselves at ease and to show themselves masters of the situation by adopting this bantering manner. But have you ever noticed that the very persons who most enjoy indulging in this would-be humorous reference to the peculiarities of other persons usually don't relish in the least that sort of thing directed toward themselves?

WHAT READERS ASK.

"When I go home with a girl after a dance, shouldn't she ask me in?"

No. You should simply wait with her until her door is opened, and then leave.

These Talks on Etiquette Appear Each Week in the Ledger.

What Your Name Signifies

Facts about its history; its meaning; whence it was derived; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

MADELINE

BIBLE history is responsible for the origin of Madeline. The only possible source of the name is the New Testament story of the tragic figure, Mary Magdalen. Magdalen, it seems, is not a surname, but merely translates into "Of Magdala," the village of the scarlet woman's birth, and is regarded as an adjective of place.

So the soft harmony of "Magdalen" was not employed as a proper name at that time, but history records that various institutions, or rescue homes for unfortunate girls, sprang up under the name, until it began to be used as synonomous for fallen women. Writers, artists, and poets, who find fascination in portraying the type of Mary Magdalen, with her luxury, her embroidered robes, and flowing hair, and her inevitable tears as a repentant sinner, kept the two names in vogue. But finally the "Mary" was dropped completely and only Magdalen persistd and waxed popular.

Each nation has taken the name of Magdalen and placed upon it the stamp of individual spelling. England calls her Madalene, eliminating the "g" for the softer sound, Madeline, Maudlin and Maud are other English derivations. France prefers Madeleine; Spain and Russia, Madelina. The French also claim the derivations Magdalina and Madde, while the Teutonic variations include Magdalene, Madlen, Lene and Lenchen. Maddalena is the Italian version and Leli is Swiss.

Despite the story of Madeline's origin, the poets have chosen her name rather to portray the shyest and most virtuous of maidens, the typical sweetheart to whom young lovers write odes. The best known poem to "ever-varying Madeline" runs:

"Smiling, frowning, evermore,
Thou art perfect in love-lore.
Revealings deep and clear are thine
Of wealthy smiles; but who may know
Whether smile or frown be fleeter?
Whether smile or frown be sweeter,
Who may know?"

Madeline's jewel is the moonstone, that gem so potent for lovers who may read their future in its opalescent depths. If she wears the talismanic stone, Madeline may have her heart's desire and the faithfulness of her true love, an old legned promises. The poppy is her flower. Three is her mystic number and Saturday her lucky day.

Next Week: ANGELA. Watch for It.

Editor's Note: In reply to many queries as to what names have appeared in this department, the following information is printed for Ledger readers: Julia, issue of December 31, 1921; Margaret, January 7, 1922; Helen, January 14; Anne, January 21; Rosalind, January 28; Beatrice, February 4; Ruth, February 11; Hilda, February 18; Joan, February 25; Susan, March 4; Phoebe, March 11; Hermione, March 18; Alice, March 25; Clara, April 1; Evangeline, April 8; Eugenia, April 15; Agnes, April 22; Cynthia, April 29; Judith, May 6.

The following names will appear during subsequent weeks: EDITH, ANGELA, SYLVIA, AURORA, FLORENCE, MAUDE, NORA, EMILY, ENID, LILLIAN, LUCY, FANNY, CLAUDIA, RACHEL, VICTORIA, CECILIA. Miss Marshall, in the course of her articles, however, will endeavor to trace the origin and history of all feminine names. If your name does not appear in the foregoing enumeration, watch for it.

Other departments of interest to woman and her children will be found on pages 2, 6 and 26

A Double-headed Conspiracy

(Continued From Page 9)

ning on square wheels:

"Has the bus for the 11:10 gone?"

"Ya-as sah!" Cotton replied. "It done left right smart while back."

"Was the lady from 312 in it?"

"Ya-as sah, but she done left her trunk here. She's gwine t' be back."

"That's your woman," the clerk said to me. "You've just missed her. If you had told me her name when you firsted started talking we could have caught her."

"The 11:10 is the I. & O. for the city, isn't it?"

It More or Less Disturbed My Equilibrium.

"Sure! It leaves in eight minutes and generally it's on time."

I wanted to explain to the clerk that it generally was on time because it started from Elrado, only fifteen miles away, and by the time it arrived in Eversdale it hadn't had a fair chance to get late, but it seemed more important to me, just at that moment, to get to the depot.

I DID my d—dest, to quote my favorite poet, but it just wasn't to be. In the first place Eversdale's taxicab must have been in the back shop and in the next place there is no ordinance in Eversdale against fat women leading fuzzy little candy-hounds at the end of log chains, loitering on depot-platforms at train time. In the absence of the taxi I endeavored to establish a new sprint record for the six blocks from the hotel to the station. I may have wobbled a little but I got to the depot in time to get a ticket and thereby beat a rival line out of the extra fare I would have had to donate to it if I had paid the conductor on the train. Just as the ticket agent handed me my pasteboard the train began to move. I rushed thru the door and into the midst of a log chain with a fat woman on one end of it and one of those upholstered peanut spaniels on the other.

Hitting the middle of the chain that way, I more or less disturbed my equilibrium, not to mention the ample lady's temper and the dog's placidity; it being understood that placidity is vouched for by a woman's college of very high standing and tuition.

With one foot held by the chain and one arm held by a woman of quite substantial parts and what might be called an artesian vocabulary and with the last dog of a vanishing race trying to choke itself by swallowing my other foot, there were about three obvious reasons why I didn't swing on to the 11:10 as it pulled out.

When the last vestibule joined the memories of yesteryear, so to speak, I uncoupled little Fido from his mouthful of human meat intending to take my self from the scene by way of the station door. This was quite impossible because the ample lady moved over in front of it and it is a well-known fact that two bodies connot occupy the same place at the same time notwithstanding that, occasionally, we still read of two trains trying to pass on the same track. In this latter case the result always is depressing, to say nothing of the expense incident to litigation on damage suits.

For a minute I feared the ample lady would have a stroke of apoplexy and for the next minute I was afraid she wouldn't. When it came to geysering language she deserved a place in the very center of Yellowstone Park. While she spouted, I reflected on the enjoyment Pat would have experienced if she had encountered this astonishing familiarity with the dictionary.

I could do nothing but stand and hope for the best. Little Fido accompanied his mistress in a shrill, frightened soprano until she gathered in the chain and elevated the woolly yelp to a place of protection on her own agitated bosom.

When the woman ceased her conversation with me—monopolizing both ends of it, so to speak—and tried to sooth little Fido's troubled spirit by kissing him on the nose, I made bold to inquire:

"Lady, does you love your teeny weeny doggie?"

Her head went up with such a jerk that I cannot figure out why her neck did not break. Her silence, doubtless, was intended to be the heel that would utterly crush the worm, but enough life remained in me to enable me to warn her:

"If you do, lady, don't kiss him for nine days because you have some of the symptoms of hydrophobia and——"

That was just like dropping another nickel in the electric piano and being in no frame of mind to enjoy another record, I turned my back on the episode and, deliberately and with quiet dignity, retraced my steps to the hotel to see if the clerk had concealed about his person any real information regarding Buraleen.

By gently mixing the facts extracted from the clerk with a little imagination and generously flavoring the whole with two-bits' worth of cheroots I arrived at the conclusion that Buraleen had been a frequent patron of the hotel for more than a year, most of her sojourns being week-ends. For the last three months her mother had been living in the hotel. Buraleen seemed to be a very busy woman with no visible business. She seemed to travel much and, evidently, to talk little. As she had not checked out and as her mother continued to occupy a room adjoining the one Buraleen held, it was reasonable to assume that she intended to return to Eversdale soon.

Interesting as this conclusion was, it held nothing helpful for immediate use and since I had important and unfinished business in the city, involving the future welfare of two unsophisticated young things, I decided to return to the city.

When I want to prove to some one that you can't always judge a fellow by his looks and be right, I use one of the engraved cards for which the Continental System paid. I passed one of these to the hotel clerk and waited a minute for the line "Assistant to the General Manager" to soak in and then said:

"It is important that I see Miss Bishoff as soon as possible. If you will wire or telephone me as soon as she returns I'll make it right with you when I call

Victoria Grey's Talks to Women

(Continued From Page 10.)

the very hospital from which she graduated. It was a very distinctive honor; she demurred a long while, thought of the four long years still to come at medical colleges and with a tear in her eye, accepted the offer.

So, Helen was left alone. She worked as trained nurse for a year to help earn her tuition. During this time she had several proposals of marriage and two opportunities to travel as companion-nurse and one wonderful position offered her in the national bacteriological laboratory. But she hewed to the line, entered medical college, was graduated from it and started practice. Today she is the head of a widely known children's hospital, is the author of many books and is married to one of the country's greatest surgeons.

But, as I say, he who travels furthest, finds the rest of the company gone at the end of the journey.

* * *

WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM?

Editor's Note: Have you a peculiar problem of the heart that is vexing you? Are you puzzled as to the rule to follow in some social event in which you are to participate? Do you wish specialized information on any subject? Do you wish to consult some one upon any phase of painting, sculpture, music, the stage, or writing? Do you want to ask a question concerning beauty culture?

If so, you are invited to put your question to Victoria Grey. The chief condition of publication in the column which will appear on Page 2 is that it shall be of general interest—one that all of us may read with profit to our understanding. Only your initials will be published in our columns, or, if you prefer, your pseudonym as it appears at the bottom of your letter.

Victoria Grey, born and reared on a farm, has been in turn a successful portrait and landscape painter, a successful actress—starring on Broadway, and a successful musician. In the many short-stories and widely published novels which have flowed from her pen she has constructed literally thousands of heart problems and other kinds, too, and solved them all for her readers.

If you are beset with any kind of a problem just send it in to Victoria Grey, care of the Ledger, and if of general interest you will find it answered in Victoria Grey's new department, to appear soon on Page 2.

Tires With 500 Nail Holes Leak No Air

A new puncture-proof inner tube, which in actual use was punctured 500 times without showing the loss of any air when tested by a tire gauge, has been invented by Paul B. Coats, an electrical engineer of Chicago. It is inflated with air and has the same appearance as the regular inner tube, yet it removes all the necessity of changing tires until the casings are entirely worn out. Cars using these tubes are making from 8,000 to 12,000 miles without removing a tire from the wheel. A wonderful feature of this new tube is that it can be produced and sold at about the same price as the ordinary tube. Mr. Coats has turned over all rights on his invention to the Milburn Puncture Proof Tube Co., Dept. C 20, Milburn Bldg., 330-335 W. 47th St., Chicago, who want to place these tubes in a few cars here. They will make a very liberal offer to anyone who wishes to try them at the company's risk, until a distributor is appointed for this territory.—Advertisement.

Shall They Suffer

as you did from film on teeth

Pepsodent is largely for the coming generation. It brings to adults whiter teeth, new protection. But to children it means a new dental era.

Your teeth, perhaps, have always been film-coated, save right after dental cleaning. The luster has been dimmed by film. Film has caused decay, no doubt, despite your daily brushing.

Now dental authorities urge you to fight film. Above all, have your children fight it daily in this scientific way.

Makes teeth dingy

Modern science traces most tooth troubles to a film—to that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

It absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. Pyorrhea, and many other serious troubles, are chiefly caused by those germs and by tartar.

Dental science has for years been seeking a way to daily combat that film. It is the teeth's great enemy.

Two ways now found

Two effective film combatants have been found. Able authorities have subjected them to many careful tests. Dental science now approves them, and leading dentists, here and abroad, urge their daily use.

A new-day tooth paste has been perfected, complying with modern requirements. It is called Pepsodent. And these two film-combating methods are embodied in it.

Also starch deposits

Starch deposits also attack teeth. In fermenting they form acids.

Nature puts a starch digestant in the saliva. It puts alkalis there to neutralize the acids.

Pepsodent multiplies that starch digestant, also the alkalinity. Thus Nature's teeth-protecting forces are multiplied.

Thus twice a day, in all these ways, Pepsodent combats the enemies of teeth.

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Send the coupon for a ten-day test. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

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to see her. Will you do that for me?"

"I sure will," he agreed.

"Don't say anything to her about my being here, if you please. Just let me know when she gets back and I'll come out on the first train."

"You're on! I'll take care of you. She's seldom out as long as a week. The minute she returns I'll telephone or wire you."

I rode the I. & O. local to the city that afternoon. The less said about that train the better. How the In & Out can get away with it and charge the passengers real money is one of the real mysteries of the railroad world. A local freight on the Continental, with a string of peddlers to be worked at every station, makes express train time compared with that I. & O. rattler and yet the sucker public made it possible for them to pay better than 7 per cent on their common stock last year.

At Harristown the news butcher picked up the evening papers from the city and even tho he overcharged me two cents on the regular price for The Evening Sun, I paid it because I wanted reliable news on the day's development in railroad circles.

It was tough luck to have to pay a fancy price to read about the Bainbridge crowd, in which Dane Bishoff was an important factor, going in for a new line down the 'Frisco Valley. That meant real competition with the Continental for the fruit haul from California and bad news is expensive enough even when you get it for nothing.

There was more than a column write-up on this new project and while much of it was not news to me, the proposition looked more formidable in cold print than it sounded when tossed about in the gossip at the club. It may have been an accident and it may have been intentional that a brief note about the annual meeting of the board of directors of the Continental was the story next following this spread about the activities of the Brainbridge crowd. Brief as was the comment about the Continental, it told enough to remind me that life is uncertain, especially in the vicinity of railroads. The story said there would be a fight for control of the system. It suggested that the Bainbridge interests might be behind this fight, as they were known to have been buying Continental stock for several years. It stated that while the chances were favorable to the continuation of the present management under McKearney, just how strong the opposition would be, could not be forecast until the showdown came in the annual meeting.

That item, more than anything else, impressed me with the importance of recovering the twenty-five shares of stock which Mac had tossed away and which he admitted was the balance of power in the Continental system. It was just six days until the annual meeting and if we didn't have those shares where we could vote them it looked as if I would be uncoupled from a job that was mostly salary. It didn't make so much difference about Mac; he was married and if he lost out as general manager he still had a home to go to and a wife who could take care of him!

I EXPERIENCED a thrill of pleasurable relief in the knowledge that Hardin J. now had a job that would pay him enough to buy his own gasoline and provide a good home for the two bulldogs regardless of what happened to Mac. If only Pat was provided with a meal ticket and a husband! It was very plain; it was up to me to speed up Cupid's schedule and get that girl taken care of. With the two kids provided for, I felt that Mac and Kate could probably get along, if they were careful, on the one hundred and seven thousand dollars annual income from the Arizona mine.

There were, therefore, two supremely important tasks ahead of me. The chief one was to sand the track for Billy Barber, keep the main line clear and give him a fast schedule so that he could snatch Patricia from the impending disaster into matrimony. Of two evils always take the worst and you'll never be disappointed. The other important thing was to catch up with Buraleen, assuming of course, that she knew something about that missing stock. If I had any spare time I could give a little thought to my plans for Hardin J. because, even if he had a job, he couldn't escape matrimony in the long run and I'd given Patricia my word that I'd interest myself in Hardin J.'s case. Other matters in connection with running the universe could wait but these, especially the first two, demanded immediate attention and when duty calls I never sidestep.

The I. & O. local got an hour's stab at Plainfield on a meet with a hog train. That's the way they run that pike! They'll put a passenger train on the side track for a hand car or a wheel barrow! With the destiny of a real railroad in my hands I had to waste an hour and a lot of cuss words on a side track at Plainfield! It would have been just the same thing if I'd had tickets to a good burlesque show. We would have been so late that I'd have missed the first part of it and no way to get your money back from the show or the railroad.

It was after 9 o'clock when we pulled in and I made a line for a telephone booth determined to lose no time in getting busy on my first chore. I tried to get Billy Barber on the 'phone. The clerk at the Bellview Hotel insisted no such person was staying there. I called the house intending to find out from Kate if I had a home to go to, but the line was busy. I called again and the line was still busy. The line was awful busy because I couldn't get in on the third attempt. For once I knew just how a train dispatcher feels when he spends an hour putting the buzzer on a sleepy operator in a box car station. The fourth time I tried, the line was busy and the operator wouldn't release my nickel. If you get cheated once it is unfortunate, but if you get cheated a second time in the same way it's your own fault. I was so angry I could have stuck my head out the window and talked to any point in the United States without a telephone and made myself heard. I rushed out to the stand and climbed into a taxicab.

It took us twenty-five minutes to get out to the house. It took two or three more minutes for me to pay the driver and get into the hall. Just as I stepped in Pat hung up the receiver on the telephone.

"Great box cars!" I exclaimed, "how long have you been talking into that machine?"

"Not long, Jackson. Why so excited?" Pat replied.

"Who were you talking to?"

"To whom, Jackson. To whom rather than——"

"Who were you talking to?" I repeated just to let her know I was free born and twenty-one.

"Buraleen, and she asked about you."

I dived for the telephone but it was no use. Central, as usual, hadn't the least idea about the station from which the last call had come in. I slammed up the receiver and said "d—n" and that's what I meant, too.

Another installment of the story in next week's Ledger. New links will be added to the chain of happenings and the plot thickened. The author has many amusing surprises and climaxes still in his sleeve, so don't fail to follow the story to the finish.

The Subtle Grafter

(Continued From Page 2)

dred dollars' worth of coupon bonds missing." said Jones. "He imagines you know something about them."

Simpson's expression changed. "He may have lost the bonds," he admitted, "but I didn't get them. Everything may point toward me, but—well, this puts me in a tight place. I might have a hard time proving that I didn't take them. There were others in the office besides me——"

"Mr. Bigalow has gone over all that," exclaimed the judge. "He traced them to you——"

"Jove," exclaimed the young man. "That puts it right up to me. This thing must not get out, judge. If this gets into the papers my old man will disown me. If I could talk with Dad he—he—would straighten up this thing in a hurry. He is in Los Angeles for the winter, you know."

"Do you want to fight this case," asked Jones, his eye on a big fee.

"I—I—can't, judge," returned the other. "It would get into the papers."

"Why did you go to British Columbia in the first place," inquired Jones.

Simpson was silent a few minutes. "You see, judge," he replied, "after I registered for the draft I beat it north, but I came back to the States after pondering over the matter and answered my draft call."

"Perhaps," said Jones, "we can settle with Bigalow for a little less than the figure mentioned."

At 10 o'clock Friday morning Suttle found the shaggy judge deep in his law books.

"I am afraid," the judge began, "that we are going to have trouble with young Simpson. He says you must be mistaken, because he did not take the bonds."

Suttle frowned. "He didn't take them, eh," he snorted. "I was afraid he would try to pull—er—lie out of it. Should have gone to the police, I suppose. That's what one gets for making a good fellow of himself. My time is limited, judge. Got a wire this morning from my company. Must be in Vancouver, B. C., Monday morning. So this thing must be settled by tomorrow."

The judge pondered a few minutes. "As I understand it," he said, "the Simpsons have a good deal of money. There is a chance that the boy did not take the bonds. Suppose they fight you? In order to keep this thing out of the papers I think the boy will settle. Suppose he replaces the bonds."

Andy did not want the bonds. He wanted the cash, but he said, "I'll take the bonds, but if he digs up the cash I might settle in order to get the thing out of my mind for—say four thousand. That's all the bonds would be worth now. They are around eighty-eight or ninety."

"Very well," decided Jones. "Come in tomorrow at 11 a. m."

PROMPTLY at 10:30 Saturday morning young Simpson called on the judge.

"Fortunately," he explained, "I received a check from Dad last night for five thousand. I brought it with me. Guess we can settle this thing without a lot of publicity."

The judge's eyes sparkled. "My fee will be one hundred dollars."

"Very reasonable," admitted Sim, but he said inwardly, "the robber."

Simpson fished out the check. Jones looked it over carefully. It was drawn on a well-known Los Angeles bank and seemed in proper form.

"I think we can settle with Bigalow for four thousand," informed the judge.

"If he didn't have me over a barrel," snapped Simpson, "I would give him nothing. I know of one time it cost Dad ten thousand to keep certain information out of the papers, so, after all, I am getting off cheap."

"I would fight him," said the judge, "if I were you."

"And it would cost me more in the

(Concluded on Page 28.)

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Hot Off the Jokesmith's Anvil

NOT ENOUGH BOY

"TOMMY," this is the last piece of mince pie you are going to have," said a mother to her little son.

Tommy frowned as black as thunder.

"There was a little boy like you," his mother continued, "who ate so much mince pie he finally burst. Yes, from too much mince pie."

"No," said Tommy, "there's no such thing as too much mince pie."

"Then," said his mother, "why did he burst?"

"There wasn't enough boy," Tommy answered.

Timely Warning.

When our little girl was about 3 years old she came and stood by while I was finishing the picking of a spring chicken, writes a mother.

After a moment she questioned: "What you doing mamma?"

"Oh, just picking out the pin feathers," I answered.

"Careful, mamma," she admonished, "don't 'tick 'urself."

Overheard by J. H. S.

He—I certainly enjoyed "The Three Musketeers" film. Let's see, what were their names? I can remember only Athos.

She—Why, aren't the others Patmos and Atropos?

He—Yes, that's right. I thought you'd know.

Conscience Takes a Vacation.

A London man who had had his purse stolen in a crowd received this letter one day: "Sir, I stoal youre munny. Remauss is noring me, so I send sum of it back to you. Wen it nors again I will send sum more."

SOLID IVORY

An Athlete.

"Altho you considerably outweigh your antagonist, you seem to have had the worst of the fight," said the sympathetic old gentleman.

"I was out of luck when I struck him," replied the man who was nursing a broken face. "Nobody told me he's been playing for years in a jazz orchestra."

Modernized.

First Writer—I want a newer expression for "between the devil and the deep sea."

Second Ditto—Oh, just say, "Between an empty furnace and an unpaid coal bill."

Doesn't Wear Well.

Client—I am afraid you are making the sum to be recovered too high.

Lawyer—Oh, well, a suit for damages is always cut large enough to allow for shrinkage, you know.

TOO MUCH MUSIC.

A preacher by the name of Fiddle
Was unhappy as he could be.
'Twas bad enough to be a Fiddle,
But worse to be Fiddle, D. D.

JUST ENOUGH

A SCOTSMAN, on his first visit to London, had been warned by friends to be careful when buying anything, and always count his change.

After making his first purchase, he stood counting his change so many times the shopkeeper, thinking he might have made a mistake, said to him.

"Well, Jock, and is your change all right?"

"Aye," replied Jock slowly, once again counting it, "but only just."

A Well Read Man.

"What is this weighty volume on the hall seat?" asked the visitor.

"That's pa's minute book," said little Thomas Twobble.

"His minute book?"

"Yessum. When ma tells him she'll be down in a minute pa reads two or three chapters in it."

Averted a Tragedy.

"Grigsby called me a liar yesterday and I told him that for 2 cents I'd whip him."

"Did he give you the money?"

"No; he had nothing but a stamp and I never take stamps."

The More Useful.

"Dar is de same difference between plain an' fancy folks," said Uncle Eben, "dat dar is between chickens an' canaries. De old hen scratchin' aroun' on her own account in de yard is happier an' mo' useful dan de bird in de gilded cage."

Sad Finish.

"I lost a lion today," said the movie director.

"Did the animal die of natural causes?"

"Unnatural causes. The poor brute ate two movie pies and had convulsions."

THE START OF IT

SIR GERALD DU MAURIER recently stated that the famous gag of all mediocre comedians—the maw-in-law joke—had its origin away in the dim stone age. It appears, he said, that Mr. Caveman was gnawing at a bear bone in his cave when Mrs. C. rushed in, crying, "Quick, quick! Get your club! Sabre-toothed tiger chasing mother!" Mr. C. shrugged his shoulders. "And what do I care," he asked, "what happens to a sabre-toothed tiger?"

Her Cakes Were Sad.

Guest—What's your wife doing in the kitchen?

Smith—Stirring up trouble.

Guest—Sounds to me like she was stirring up a cake.

Smith—She is, but that means trouble for me. Her cakes always give me indigestion.

ATTIRED.

There was a young girl in cretonne.
Who said, "Just look at what I've got on!
Two flamingoes, some bees.
Seven parrots, four trees.
And a lovely big watermellon!"

HARD TO BEAT

A REAL ESTATE agent had been engaged to drive a prospective purchaser and his wife over a large estate in the west of England. He was a young man, and had adopted, or tried to adopt, some of the American methods. As the car wound along the lanes he pointed out the parks and meadows and woods of the estate, launching out in panegyrics. Finally he gazed up at the sun, and, waving his arm, concluded: "And there's sunshine for you! There's a sun! Can you beat it?"

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RADIO

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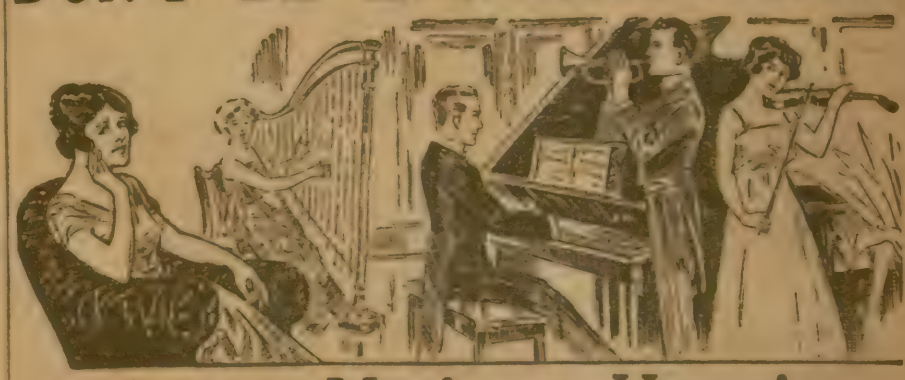
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Stand Every Test—Fire, Acid and Diamond File—Set in Solid Gold

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Diamonds and Tifnites as "Alike as Two Peas"

Put a Tifnite beside a diamond, examine them under the same light and it takes an expert to distinguish the difference—they are "alike as two peas."

The Tifnite shows the magnificent lustre—it throws the gleaming flashes—it has the magnificence of the costly gem. Then, too, it stands the experts' tests—Acid, fire and diamond file make no impression upon it. It will even scratch glass like a diamond.

And to make the resemblance complete, the facets of every Tifnite are cut exactly like those of the most expensive diamond. They reflect the light in the same way—they throw the same wonderful hues of scintillating, dazzling spectral colors. That is why you see that wonderful gleam which brings forth exclamations of delight and wonder; and which causes even diamond experts to express their admiration. And Tifnites are not imitation gems. Imitation diamonds are simply glass shaped like diamonds or they contain glass. There is not a particle of glass in Tifnites. They are real gems so beautiful as to compare with the diamond. A glass imitation beside a Tifnite would look what it is—a mere makeshift—a Tifnite placed beside a diamond looks like a diamond.

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Send the coupon NOW! Send no money. Tell us which item you prefer—Ring, Pin or La Vallière. We'll send your select on at once and you make only the small deposit of $3.50 on arrival. After you see the beautiful, dazzling gem and the handsome solid mounting—after you have worn it for 10 days and deemed that you like it—if you believe you have a wonderful bargain and want to keep it, you may pay the amount easy payments as described in the advertisement. If, however, you care to return a TIFNITE GEM from a genuine diamond, or for any reason you do not want it, return at our expense and we refund your money.

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No. 3. Solid gold six prong tooth mounting. Guaranteed genuine Tifnite Gem almost a carat in size. Price $12.50; only $3.50 upon arrival. Balance $3 per month. Can be returned at our expense within 10 days.

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To get right size ring cut a strip of paper so that ends exactly meet when drawn tightly around the correct size finger on which you want to wear ring. Be careful that measure is not lapped, but simply without overlapping, and measure at the second joint. Send the strip of paper to us with the order coupon.

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Send me ..... No. ..... on 10 days' approval.

(In ordering ring be sure to enclose size as described above.)

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Organdie Dress

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This up-to-the-minute creation that Betty Gordon offers you here is certainly a rare value. An Organdie dress of best quality which looks charming not only the first time you wear it, but all through its long satisfactory service. Will launder perfectly—a feature of great importance in summer dress. Order the big value.

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Betty Gordon wants you to judge the value of this dress. So she says: "Send no money. Just your name, address, size and color you choose on a postal. When postman delivers dress to your door pay him only $3.98—I'll pay delivery charges. Then notice the many fine features of the dress. See the [illegible] the ultra-stylish bodice, bordered [illegible] panels; the [illegible] with [illegible] embroidered [illegible] the [illegible] over the [illegible] flowing sash; and the [illegible] on the cuffs, collar and panels. And [illegible] the dress is truly a great bargain at my price. Comes in Blue, Pink or White. Sizes: Misses, 16 to 20 years; Women, 34 to 44 inches bust measure. State size and color. SPECIAL: Intermediate sizes: 10 to 19 years. Order by No. 3A329.

Betty Gordon Co.
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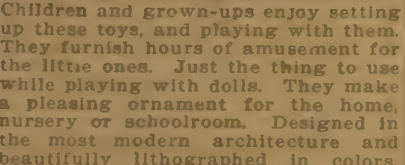
Order by No. 3A329



Children and grown-ups enjoy setting up these toys, and playing with them. They furnish hours of amusement for the little ones. Just the thing to use while playing with dolls. They make a pleasing ornament for the home, nursery or schoolroom. Designed in the most modern architecture and beautifully lithographed in colors. Sent for 25c postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Useful for favors at children's parties. 5 sets for $1.00.

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ROBINSON'S KIDNEY REMEDY immediately stops back and leg ache and relieves uric acid rheumatism and kidney trouble. Full treatment absolutely guaranteed to give lasting results. Used by physicians everywhere. Thousands finding quick relief.

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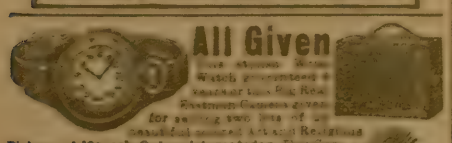

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South Sea Pebbles

(Continued From Page 4)

skipper remarked, grinning, "but he's that darn stingy he'd starve all of us if I didn't shake him up now an' then. He'll feed you now."

"If he doesn't, I'll stew him in his own juice, and turn cannibal."

Kalputa chuckled and wagged his head.

CHAPTER II.

BILLY SCAR looked the part he was playing—a derelict of the South Seas. Once he had been handsome—might be now if clean-shaven and fattened up—and carried the earmarks of early breeding, in spite of his tattered clothes, with an easy grace and cheerfulness that were contagious. Much to the confusion of Li Sin he used the carving-knife to clean his face of some of his whiskers before eating, and finished off with a bath in Li's chopping bowl.

"Now, Li, shovel the eats out!" he exclaimed, smiling at the slant-eyed Oriental. "Double portions of everything. I got an appetite of a whale."

Li complied obligingly, almost eagerly, for had not Scar's sudden appearance saved him from shark's food? He even watched him swallow prodigious portions of food without comment, which for a ship's cook is a rare thing.

"You some starved," he chuckled finally. "Me know—me starve once."

"You look it," laughed Scar, for the Chinaman was as thin as a toothpick. "Don't you like your own food? Or doesn't it agree with you?"

"Me eat very little."

Scar stopped eating and stared at his plate. "Say, was this prepared for the captain or me?" he asked.

Li was puzzled. "It allee samee—cap'in eat it—you eat it."

"And you don't?" Scar took a portion of the meat and held it out to him. "Eat that, or by heavens I'll thrust it down your throat! Eat now—you Chink!"

Startled by the abrupt menace in the voice, the cook took his own medicine. Scar watched him swallow the last morsel.

"That's all right," he added, smiling again. "I thought maybe you'd dropped some cockroach poison in it."

Li, understanding, grinned. He glanced over his shoulder. "Verra many rats eat samee," he murmured. "Cap'in Barker say put poison in it, but Li no kill 'em. I mebbe hate to kill 'em. No know who eat it until I see um. Then Li glad."

Billy Scar creased his forehead to catch his meaning. Then it dawned upon him. That daily bowl of food that had been put near him in the hold had preserved his mind and reason during the hot, stuffy days of his fast. He had shared it sparingly with the rats, hoping that the poison in it was not thoroly mixed, and that a little wouldn't kill.

He smiled good-naturedly. "Then you knew I was aboard before—before this infernal mutiny, and you didn't peep. Li, I'll remember that."

"You verra well remember it when you stop cap'n chucking Li to sharks."

Scar looked thoughtfully at the table. There was one in the crew who was guiltless of blood. He could trust this old, weazened, dried-up Chinaman.

"Li," he drawled, "the longer I know your race the better I like them. We're going to be friends."

"We verra good friends now," was the reply.

Ten minutes later Scar was on deck. He scarcely noticed the bleary-eyed members of the crew weakly trying to shake off the effects of the rum. Kalputa was waiting for him.

"A lazy drunken crew!" he growled, kicking a Papuan head-hunter out of his path. "Got hold of some liquor, and played the devil with the ship. Had a fight with 'em. Shot up the chart room an' broke the compass. First an' second mate got the cold feet an' deserted."

Scar accepted the clumsy story without comment. "You want me to take command of the deck?" he asked. "All right, I'll begin with this beggar."

He stood a native on his feet with such force that his teeth chattered. "Get aft, and keep there!" he ordered. He picked up another and treated him the same way, Kalputa watching with eyes of approval, but not without secret surprise, for Billy had muscles of steel and a working knowledge of how to use them.

"Now, cap," he observed quietly, "we'll get our bearings. Where are we at?"

"I dunno—no chart, no compass—nothing but the sun."

"Well, don't worry about that. Where you bound?"

"Redscar Bay. Know it?"

"Like the map of my wife's face—if I had one," grinned Scar.

Sandy McKay, alias Kalputa, looked suspiciously at his new navigator. What did he know about Redscar Bay? It was the loneliest, most desolate harbor on five hundred miles of sandy coast, and Kalputa had made it his unlawful rendezvous on more than one occasion. At the head of the lagoonlike bay, a small stream flowed westward, with its source lost in the dense forest jungle that clothed the slopes of Mt. Stanley, and in its darksome shades a reliable remnant of the Papuan head-hunters could always be found ready for a fight or a drink of rum.

For the first time Kalputa had his doubts. He watched his man with ratlike eyes now that he had assumed command of the Bounty with the skill and efficiency of a veteran navigator. Scar worked out their position, using his watch as a compass, and the sun at noon for his location. In a couple of hours he had the ship under way, headed for some definite point. By degrees the drunken crew regained their senses, and as fast as they recovered Scar or Kalputa set them to work.

They were an unpromising lot—the scum of the South Seas, frizzled-haired negritos from the Arfak Mountains; short, hardy Karons from the coast, with a sprinkling of Kebars and Amberbaki Papuans that still showed traces of the old Tasmanian blood. Intermixture with white blood had not improved them any. Kalputa himself was three-fourths white and one-fourth Kebar—a vicious type that Billy Scar well knew.

Billy himself was a derelict, but not an intermixture. Ten years in the South Seas had hardened him, but his blood was pure. Strangely enough it was a shipwreck that had first cast him upon this wild life, and left him stranded there. It was a far cry from the first officer of the East Indian Tasmania to the present outcast of the Seven Seas.

The wreck of the Tasmania on an unknown, uncharted island, a thousand miles from nowhere, long since had passed into history; but for five long years Scar had hungered and thirsted for a look at a white man's (or woman's) face on his prison island, concerting with savages and head-hunters until he almost began to consider himself one of them.

When he was finally rescued he was like a convict who had become so associated with his prison environments that he was dazed and frightened by anything else. The virus of a new disease, primitive savagery, had warped his life ambition. A sunlit isle or a coral atoll, with its fringe of palms, and crystal-pure lagoon, weighed more in the balance than the fleshpots of civilization. Scar had drifted in the last five years, postponing each time the opportunity offered to return to his old normal life.

But lying dormant at times in his mind, and at other moments flaring up like a consuming torch, was a vague, undefined ambition to run to its source the story of the South Sea Pebbles.

Scar heard it first on his nameless island, the natives translating it in various crude ways; but the substance of it remained the same throughout. Somewhere in the South Seas there was an island whose shores were clothed with wondrous pearls—not the common white pearls of commerce, which natives dive for or dig out of oysters or unio, but big, lustrous virgin pearls or paragons that reflect the prismatic hues of the rainbow under the mellow light.

The island natives called them pebbles—South Sea Pebbles—because they were scattered on the shores of the unknown island like the sands on the seashore.

And Billy had accepted them as pebbles until one day, in a disreputable port, he had glimpsed their beauty and worth. But it was the combination of pearls and a woman that had turned his head. A low, rakish schooner had come into port, and Billy, lazily watching it, saw the small boat land Captain Bernice. Scar didn't know Captain Bernice for all his years of drifting in the South Seas, for there's a lot that is common talk among the natives still hidden from the white man.

It was the singularly trim, lithe, youthful figure of the newcomer, accompanied by an armed guard of four stalwart Papuans of the west coast, that first attracted his attention. Without forethought or premeditation, he followed Captain Bernice into one of the native shops where bargaining for supplies was in progress.

Billy caught a glimpse of the youthful face, and grunted. It was unmistakably that of a woman, light olive tint in complexion, that betrayed half her origin, blue eyes and fair hair that had been contributed by her white forebear,

Says Piles Gone, no More Eczema

"I had eczema for many years on my head and could not get anything to stop the agony. I saw your ad and got one box of Peterson's Ointment and I owe you many thanks for the good it has done me. There isn't a blotch on my head now and I couldn't help but thank Peterson, for the cure is great." Miss Mary Hill, 420 Third avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Use Peterson's Ointment for old sores, salt rheum, chafing and all skin diseases. 60 cents. Druggists recommend it. Mail orders filled by Peterson Ointment Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

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NO MONEY DOWN

While other watch dealers are raising their prices, asking you for larger monthly payments, and making payment terms harder for you to meet, we are offering you our new model Santa Fe Special, no advance in price, no money down, easier terms and smaller monthly payments. WE realize the war is over and in order to double our business we MUST give you pre war inducements, better prices, easier terms and smaller payments.

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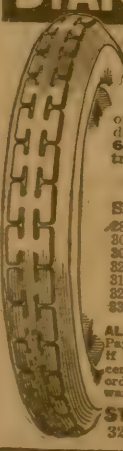

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and a figure that no man's clothes could conceal from view.

Ignoring the menacing scowls of her Papuan escort, Scar crowded closer, and when the bargaining came to an end he gasped for breath, for Captain Bernice had dropped a handful of wonderful pearls in the grasping paw of the merchant in payment for her goods.

"South Sea Pebbles!" Billy muttered aloud in his astonishment, for instantly his mind connected them with the stories he had heard.

Captain Bernice surveyed him with scornful eyes, and shrugged her shoulders. When she completed the bargain, she deliberately turned to Scar, who with open mouth and staring eyes was reduced to a state of helpless inanity. Suddenly, with a jerk of the hand, she flung one of the remaining pearls directly into his face. It landed with a click against his teeth, and but for quick action he would have swallowed it.

With a silvery, mocking laugh, Captain Bernice left the shop with her Papuans, and Billy Scar was too busy rescuing the pearl from his mouth and examining it to follow.

HE LEARNED the rest of the story from the old shopkeeper, who was garrulous and talkative after such a windfall. Captain Bernice was the owner by virtue of discovery and possession of the island where the South Sea Pebbles grew. She alone possessed the secret, for no boat or ship had ever been able to follow the schooner to its island rendezvous. Many had tried— natives and white men—but Captain Bernice always gave them the slip.

Who was she? Oh, the half-breed daughter of the captain of the ill-fated sailing ship South Pole, which had disappeared from the seas a decade ago, leaving no trace behind. Thru one of those miracles that happen occasionally in the South Seas, the skipper had been saved only to find himself a demigod among the natives. Captain Bernice was the product of his union with the daughter of the old chief of the island tribe.

"A half-breed!" Scar grunted, and the old shopkeeper, who was a half-breed himself, scowled, and shut down on his loquaciousness.

Billy lost all further track of Captain Bernice after that, but for two years he had been picking up information that dribbled to him thru native sources, piecing it together to form a connected whole. It was slow, discouraging work, for contradictory rumors filled the air. Watchfully waiting, he had bided his time, hoping to meet Captain Bernice again; but she eluded him, never calling twice at the same port for supplies.

It had become an obsession with Scar to find the South Sea Pebbles, and return to the scornful giver the pearl that had been flung in his face. When he found the two, he would take his choice —the girl or the pearls—or both.

"Pearls or girl—which is it?" he grinned often to himself in those days of waiting.

But the months and years passed, and Scar was growing fretful, for the fires of youth grow dimmer with age, and each year added an increment to Billy's burdens. Luck was running strong against him.

It was in Melbourne that Scar had picked up his first genuine clew. A drunken Malay that he had helped in a saloon fight attached himself to him, and months later when dying from a wound in a second brawl he showed his gratitude by betraying another who had befriended him and cast him off in a fit of anger.

He had come from the island where Captain Bernice reigned as the titular chieftan's daughter, and where the South Sea Pebbles were like the sands of the sea.

Scar had decently buried the man, and then drifted north, reaching Newcastle Bay penniless just as the Bounty was about to sail for a port in the Gulf of Papua. That would bring him one leg nearer his destination, and Billy had quietly smuggled himself aboard for a free passage.

The mutiny that had followed was no concern of his, and he had quietly remained hidden, awaiting the outcome of the conflict. During the drunken debauch that followed, he had shrewdly sized up the situation. The Bounty was drifting idly on the seas.

Fate seemed to have thrown a ship, well stocked with provisions and supplies, within his reach. If he could get possession of it nine-tenths of his problem would be solved. It might be years before he got another such chance. The opportunity was waiting for him, and he had seized it.

Therefore his smiling readiness to obey Kalputa. He had no misgivings about the end of the unlawful journey if they once sneaked into Redscar Bay. Kalputa would no longer need him, and that was tantamount to saying that he would chuck him overboard or leave him stranded on an inhospitable coast.

Either he had to outwit the half-breed leader or take him in his confidence. Kalputa had little imagination, but a handful of pearls would bribe him to kill one of his own flesh and blood. The thought of Captain Bernice made Scar scowl at times, as he held the wheel, for it was not to his liking to introduce Kalputa to her. The old reprobate might prove more troublesome than useful.

Kalputa came aft, slouching lazily along as if his limbs were still unsteady under him. He glanced at the horizon, and then at his mate. Scar understood. Once in sight of land which he recognized, Kalputa could dispense with his services; but Billy had no idea of sighting land. The Bounty was steering a course directly away from it.

"When you expect to see land?" queried the mutineer, slanting evil eyes at Scar.

"Maybe tomorrow, cap," was the smiling response.

Kalputa grunted. One hand was toying with a wicked looking gun. "How do I know there is any land ahead?" he asked, screwing his face up into an ugly scowl. "You got to show me, an' if you try any tricks I'll blow your head off, an' feed you to the sharks."

Scar laughed unafraid. "Better not use that, cap," he said, pointing at the gun, "until we sight land."

Kalputa scowled and twitched his hands. Scar twirled the wheel a point or two, and held it.

"Kalputa," he began, smilingly, "you stole this ship, but you can't sail it where you want to go. I'm the only man aboard who can. I can take you to Redscar Bay or straight into some port where a British patrol ship will welcome you."

The red eyes of the man flashed in mad fury, but Scar never winced nor moved a hair's breadth when the click of the gun's hammer told him that he was within an inch of death.

"Put it up, Kalputa," he added. "You don't want to use it. I got another proposition to make. Ever hear the story of the South Sea Pebbles? Yes, of course you have. And Captain Bernice, the nice little lady who owns and guards 'em? What would you give, Kalputa, to lay your hands on those pearls—the whole lot of 'em—and sail home with the biggest fortune you ever dreamed of?"

Kalputa's greedy eyes reflected the intensity of his emotion, for they were in truth the windows of his soul, if he had such a thing. Billy continued to smile.

"Well," he added, nodding, "we're bound for them. I got a map of the island——"

"Where?" ejaculated Kalputa eagerly.

"Here," tapping his forehead, "where no man can steal it."

Kalputa's face fell and suspicion filled his crafty eyes.

"How do I know it ain't a trick to—to——"

"You don't, Kalputa," was the calm interruption, "and never will know until we sight the island."

Scar turned the wheel again and squinted ahead. "We'll be there by tomorrow if my reckoning's correct," he added. Then turning to the old pirate again, he said more seriously: "If it's a bargain, Kalputa, you've got to accept my terms."

"What are they?" breathed the other heavily.

"Half the pearls we bring away—and Captain Bernice."

Kalputa grinned and leered. "The bargain's one-sided," he protested. "One half your half for the girl. That's fair."

"No, it's half and half, and the girl for me. Take it or leave it."

Scar dropped the wheel, and let the Bounty spin around in the wind. Kalputa scowled, and said: "Go ahead. I agree."

CHAPTER III.

SCAR sought old Li in the scullery when Kalputa relieved him for a spell at the wheel. There was something he wished to talk about with the old Chinaman, for now that he had embarked upon the hazards of a partnership with the half-breed Papuan it was necessary to prepare for all eventualities.

"Li, are you armed?" he asked.

For reply the cook drew a long, murderous knife from the folds of his loose blouse.

"Good enough for a close-in fight," nodded Scar, "but useless in a stand-off battle. Haven't you any shooting irons?"

Li grinned and shook his head, but when Scar showed his disappointment he tip-toed across the room, and raised a sack of flour from the floor. Into this he thrust a hand, and when he withdrew it the fingers clutched a pistol.

"Li, I knew you were concealing something or you wouldn't be a Chinaman!" exclaimed Scar jubilantly. "Any more in that bag?"

"Mebbe—who knows?"

As if performing a trick of legerdemain, he thrust his hand in and brought out two more weapons covered with flour. Scar's smile was as broad as day is long, and he patted the arm of his friend.

"Good boy, Li—good boy! Leave them there. We'll both know where to find them when needed. That's item one. Now for the second. Where do you keep the black pepper?"

Li showed him, wondering.

"And mustard?"

"Make mustard plaster for cap'n?" the Oriental grinned, patting the mustard canister.

"Mustard's good for an emetic, isn't it, you sly old dog? I may need it if you

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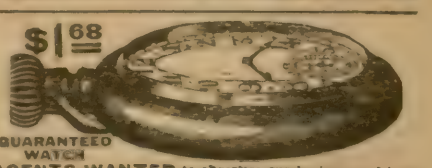

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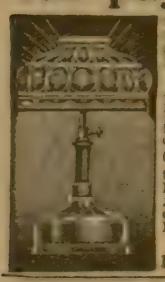

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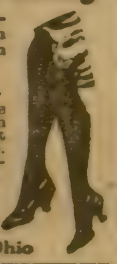

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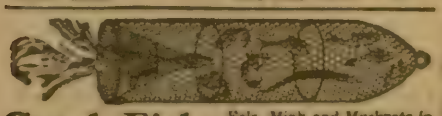

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put cockroach poison in the food. I want it handy."

"Who say cockroach poison aboard? Me no have any."

"No? Well, then, something better. Li, what's the name of that stuff you put into food when you want a man to take a long sleep—not kill him, but make him sleep?"

Li shook his head slowly and negatively. Scar cheerfully took it as an affirmative sign.

"Well, when the time comes—it may not come—but if it does, I want you to put some of it in the food—not mine, but the captain's and the crew's. You understand?"

Scar winked and dropped the subject. He never knew a Chinaman yet to own up to having poison in his possession or the ability to use it. But there wasn't one in the South Seas that couldn't give Lucrezia Borgia a point or two in the subtle art of poisoning.

Scar returned to the deck to relieve Kalputa at the wheel, and incidentally to size up the potential power of the villainous crew now for the most part recovered from their drunken spree. There were ten of them, not including their leader, each carrying a Malay dagger concealed in his clothes, and possibly other weapons, altho Scar shrewdly reasoned Kalputa had relieved most of them of their guns in self protection.

Kalputa greeted him with a grunt and a suspicious stare, which Billy ignored. "If we hold to this course by morning, we ought to sight the island," he remarked, looking ahead. "Send one of your best men in a couple of hours to spell me at the wheel. I'll watch him and keep him straight."

Kalputa nodded sullenly. Scar's assumption of authority was not to his liking, but under the circumstances he had to submit. The success of the expedition depended upon the stowaway.

The night was almost as light as day, the brilliancy of the starlit heavens blending into the phosphorescence of the sea, forming a mirage of soft colors. Scar kept the wheel for four straight hours, and then turned it over to a diminutive but powerful Papuan, whose frizzly mop of hair made him look a head taller. Not content to leave the ship alone in his control, Billy sprawled out on the deck to catch a few winks of sleep. He always slept lightly, and the faintest sound of an unusual nature aroused him.

He had no fear of Kalputa, but the wily crew, out of pure bloodthirstiness, might take a notion to put him out of the way. His appearance among them was a conundrum, and likewise an irritation. A dozen times Scar had kicked one of them to get quicker action out of his orders.

The swelter of the day was relieved a little by the night, but it was still hot and sultry. The decks were warm to the touch, and the air devitalized by the heat. No one cared to go below to sleep. Kalputa restlessly paced the deck or tossed sleeplessly under the lee of the railing.

Scar, with his veins free of all poison, slept the best of the lot, and when morning dawned in the east he was fresh and smiling. Kalputa was forward, eagerly scanning the horizon ahead. There was no land in sight—nothing but the wild waste of restless sea. He came aft finally, his eyes red and bloodshot.

"No island off there," he growled, jerking a hand forward. "Where is it?"

Scar laughed in his face. "Kalputa, you haven't the faith of an ape. Why don't you shoot me, and chuck me overboard? Then you can sail your ship where you please. Now shut up and go forward, or by heavens I'll break the agreement and you'll never see the pearls or land again."

Surprised but not mollified by this defiance, Kalputa growled: "You said we'd be there by morning."

"Yes, you old pirate, but I didn't say what time in the morning. It's morning until it's noon, isn't it?"

It was close on to mid-day when they picked up a tiny speck on the horizon, and as it grew in size and shape that unmistakably proclaimed it to be an island cast up in mid-ocean Scar was almost as excited as Kalputa. His faith in the old Malay's story had been severely tested, and try as he would there had been dark moments of doubt.

Now the island was there—approximately in the longitude and latitude the dead man had described. Scar had worked it out so many times in his mind that he had steered straight for it in spite of his many handicaps. His heart beat with excitement, and when Kalputa's face lighted up with greedy joy he smiled and forgot some of his disgust for the murderous half-breed.

"The pearls must be there, Kalputa," he said, rubbing his hands, "slathers of 'em—bushels of 'em."

Kalputa nodded. "An' Captain Bernice," was the retort.

Scar's face grew suddenly serious. The mention of Captain Bernice disturbed him. Now that his prize was in his reach, he wasn't sure but he regretted striking a bargain with the villainous cutthroat of the South Seas. If Kalputa refused to treat the bargain honestly, claiming Captain Bernice as well as most of the pearls, what chance had he to balk him?

"Yes," he nodded slowly, "Captain Bernice belongs to me. And if you put your dirty paws on her the rest of the bargain's off."

Kalputa grinned evilly and spat over the side. When he walked forward without replying, Scar watched him with scowling eyes. It was too late to turn back now. With the island in sight, Kalputa could dispense with his services and reach it without trouble.

But it would be one thing for the man to reach the island and gather his pearls and quite another to navigate the ship back to the mainland. Yes, the wily old cutthroat still needed an efficient navigator until he could reach some safe harbor on the New Guinea coast. Scar felt that his own personal safety was not yet involved.

MINUTE by minute the island grew out of the sea like a wonderful mirage. There were the inevitable palm trees waving fronded branches to them; the outer fringe of coral reef seething with the white spume of the sea; the crystal-pure lagoon inside as calm and inviting as a mountain lake, and the curved shore that sparkled in the sunlight like the jeweled handle of an Oriental scimiter.

Scar's eyes lighted up at the thought of what this last might mean. The light was reflected from a thousand wonderful pearls, for had not the story declared they were like the sands on the seashore?

He scanned the shore of the inner lagoon with greedy, anxious eyes, and for a moment forgot all else save the passion for possession.

There was no sign of any inhabitants on the island. The beach was deserted, and no schooner rode at anchor in the lagoon. Ships passing that way might have given the island dozens of times no more than a casual inspection, for it was not unlike scores of others scattered thruout the Coral Sea.

Scar would have liked it better if there had been some indications that the island was inhabited. If Captain Bernice and her crew of faithful followers lived there they could not entirely conceal themselves from view. Doubts began to assail him again. Had the Malay sent him off on a wild goose chase, describing one of the many lonely, sun-lit isles that dot the Southern Seas as a grim joke? Was there anything in the stories of the South Sea Pebbles?

Yes, Scar had no doubt of that. He had seen the wondrous pearls and the beautiful guardian of the treasure. Beautiful! Yes, in spite of the olive tint of her complexion that her uncivilized mother had bequeathed her, Captain Bernice was strinkingly handsome. Scar seemed to realize for the first time that it was the lure of her eyes as much as the attraction of the pearls that had drawn him on in the pursuit.

"Know the channel thru the reef?" Kalputa asked, coming aft.

Scar shook his head. "But we'll find it," he added. "There's sure to be a way inside."

The half-breed grunted. He knew the treachery of the coral reefs, and he had no more desire to be stranded on one of them than to float idly on the sea without chart or compass.

"How you goin' to find it?" he growled.

"Search for it, Kalputa. We'll find the entrance if it's here. I don't fancy running blindly on the reef."

"Why not drop anchor outside an' go ahead in the small boat? If there's nothing in there we'll save time. I ain't swallowed all your story yet."

Scar concluded this would be the safest method of procedure, for he had no desire to approach the line of white-fanged rocks against which the surf was break-

(Continued on Page 26.)

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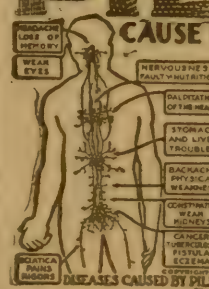

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All In the Way of Business

(Continued From Page 6)

that he had nothing to do with it, and finally they left. Harry went back to bed, and stayed there until next morning when he left for the club. Then he was arrested."

"Why did not your counsel have these men brought into court as witnesses?"

"They have disappeared. The Cod's boat, the Mary Fisher, passed the breakwater yesterday morning," said Folk without rising.

That was all. Mr. Rattray spent the next fifteen minutes extolling mother love and the sacrifices it willingly makes. Without actually saying so he forced upon the minds of the jurors the conviction that Mrs. Belziger had lied to save her son.

Whitey's counsel made practically no effort at rebuttal. Even Judge Halloway seemed surprised, and asked him twice if he had nothing to say. Folk shook his head, and that convinced every one in the courtroom that the young prisoner was already a doomed man.

The accused's own testimony did not alter matters. He told the same story that his mother had, but it sounded weak even in Judith's ears. One expected a dramatic recital. This mild tale of commonplace events did not fit in the surcharged atmosphere of Judge Halloway's court. With the cross-examination of this witness the prosecution rested its case.

Folk yawned. Certainly he had made little effort so far to combat the assaults of the prosecution. Even Rattray disliked that. The newspapers might make capital of it. At length Mr. Folk rose unsteadily to his feet.

"I have one more witness to present, your honor," he said thickly. "Mr. Wallace Fallon!"

IX.

AMID a buzz of comment, Fallon entered the railed-off enclosure, and sat down beside Police Commissioner Voshell. Judith relaxed with a little gasp of relief, and patted Mrs. Belziger's worn hands. Whitey sat up straighter, hope beginning to flicker in his steady eyes. Voshell frowned, and Rattray twisted uneasily in his seat. He had felt sure that the case against the defendant was strong enough to secure a conviction, but—— Well, he wished that he knew what tack Wally would take, so that he could prepare an adequate rebuttal.

Amos Folk rose, and turned a bleared gaze on Judge Halloway.

"I must ask the pardon of the court for the rather dramatic entrance of the defense's principal witness," he said. "At least, it is not so dramatic as his experiences of the past two days; nor so startling as the story he will tell here under oath."

There was a stir in the court. Even the joss-like face of the trial judge brightened with interest. So that was why Folk had made so little defense.

"I must ask the pardon of the court again for not having produced Mr. Fallon earlier in the day, but that, too, was impossible for he was gathering the loose strands of the evidence he will present here. For we purpose, your honor, not merely to prove that the defendant is innocent of the charge on which he is being tried, but to actually show who killed Barton Wike.

"Yesterday, in spite of my belief in my client's innocence, I despaired. The learned district attorney had rushed this case thru others ahead of it on the court calendar so that it might be tried while fresh in the public mind—and fresh in the public indignation, for the newspapers had convicted St. Louis Whitey before he went on trial."

Mr. Ratteray objected, and was sustained.

"Our defense was fragmentary, inchoate. Actually young Belziger was home when the murder was committed, and now we will have the testimony of the North Beach Rock Cod and his mate, Whimple, to corroborate his and his mother's statement. And the presence of the stolen Shattuck brooch in his pocket, planted there by——"

"I object," shouted Rattray.

Again he was sustained.

"I do not doubt," continued Folk, "that if a poll of the jury had been taken five minutes ago that it would have brought in a verdict of guilty. We admit this, knowing that Mr. Fallon's testimony will be so overwhelming that before court adjourns today the defendant will walk out of this room—a free man!"

There was a flutter of excitement, perhaps of applause, quickly stilled by the tip-staffs.

Folk's expressionless voice droned on: "Mr. Fallon was shanghaied by the North Beach Rock Cod. He was rescued from the Cod's burning steamer last night by the crew of a revenue cutter that had been following——"

Voshell looked at Fallon with unfriendly eyes while the lawyer was speaking. Judith had told him that she and Wally were to be married, and the bitterness of his loss still rankled.

"You had better remember," he said in a low voice, "that your skirts are not clear in this case. That story of yours about Belziger's supposed relationship to Captain O'Byrne, by which you got Whitey the job at Whispering Hills——"

"It was true, Voshell. Mrs. Belziger at first denied it because she was afraid that the trial of his nephew for murder would hurt Captain O'Byrne. She will admit this now. Besides, I have a wireless message from the captain himself to prove it. It was received at the Sayville station not more than an hour ago."

The commissioner leaned angrily back in his chair, but Fallon was not thru.

"I have more than that to say to you, Voshell. From the very beginning I knew that Whitey Belziger was innocent, but I was wrong in my surmise of the guilty one. I thought it was Solomon Handy. Mr. Shattuck thought so, too, for Handy privately took the blame on himself, because he thought that it would better his standing with Shattuck.

"But Handy was guilty of robbing Whispering Hills. Shattuck had never been too generous with him regarding money, and Solomon felt that he could rob the club, and have the blame thrown on Whitey just as soon as folks knew that Belziger had served a term in San Quentin. To that end he told Barton Wike about the boy's prison term, knowing that Wike would spread the news. Handy bragged of this, and we have witnesses who heard him. Besides, Detective Willing and I have just returned from his rooms where we recovered the loot—and Handy himself. Handy has agreed to talk; so have the Cod and Briggsy Whimple, because they figure on getting off easier if they do.

"But there is more yet, Voshell. Hell's to pay down town. Shattuck committed suicide in his office——"

"What!" Voshell's voice blazed out his astonishment. Fallon gripped his arm. "Not so loud! Judith must not find it out this way. It will be a shock. Shattuck left this note, unsealed on his desk. Read it before I go on the stand. He died still under the impression that Solomon Handy had killed Wike."

Voshell took the paper, and tried to focus his dazed eyes on the script that straggled unevenly across it:

> The fingers of the dead are tapping at my window . . . they have been for weeks. I might fight it out if Judith still loved me, but she doesn't—my God! she doesn't. Fallon told her of my silence that is sending Whitey Belziger to the chair. But even if I freed him she wouldn't trust me—she would never trust me again . . . little Judith, the only person in all the world that I ever loved. I wanted Barton Wike killed—but I curse the man who killed him. He has brought this on me . . . there are Wike's fingers tapping now. I can't keep up this pretense any longer . . . I must die, and I am afraid to.

FOLK had finished his address to the court, and now he turned to Fallon with a slight nod. Wally walked to the witness stand. The clerk of the court swore him.

"I was at the Whispering Hills Golf Club on the night that Mr. Barton Wike was murdered," he testified. "After we found the body the grounds were searched. The only object I found was a whisky bottle. I knew that Mr. Wike was a volunteer prohibition enforcement officer. His secretary informed me that he had gone to the club to gather evidence against certain people there. It occurred to me that one of those persons might be the murderer, and that the bottle might have been in his possession. I picked it up, and later took it to the bureau of identification, where Mr. Morris examined it for fingerprints."

Voshell twisted about in his chair. "If Belziger didn't kill Wike who did?" he muttered. "Why in the devil doesn't he come to the point?"

"Mr. Morris made prints," continued Fallon, "but they could not be checked against those of any suspects. Apparently we were up against an impasse. The bottle might mean everything or nothing. Then Fate came to our aid. I had gone to the Hotel Seminole to telephone. A man in the next booth was talking to Mr. Baranson, the superintendent at Whispering Hills, to keep his mouth shut—about something! Afterward we found that that man's fingerprints tallied with those on the bottle."

"Who was he?" demanded Judge Halloway sharply.

Wally Fallon pointed at a little man in the front row; a little man who sat huddled in a suit of clothes too large for him; a man with a pinched face and fright-dilated eyes.

"DETECTIVE HARRIS," he said, "IS THE MAN WHO KILLED BARTON WIKE!"

Harris started to get to his feet, but fright had taken the power from his legs. He merely swallowed several times, and tried to shake his head.

"After the murder," said Fallon, "while on my way from the club to Mr. Shattuck's home, I passed Mr. Baranson, the club superintendent, who was having trouble with his automobile. He spoke of the murder, and suggested that the killer might have gone thru a secret trap-door in the cloakroom and emerged again thru the cellar window. I went back at once, but found that the window was dusty and covered with spider webs. It could not have been used for months.

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It did not occur to me then that Baranson might have had an ulterior motive in that suggestion; the desire to keep the real movements of the murderer a secret. Harris, you know, had been the officer on duty outside the cloakroom window.

"When I heard Harris talking over the telephone to Baranson, and practically offering him a bribe to keep quiet, the suggestiveness of those facts became apparent. I went at once to Whispering Hills, and by pretending that Harris had been caught, induced Mr. Baranson to sign a confession. I have it here, and, with the court's permission, will read it. Baranson, himself, Mr. Morris, the Rock Cod, Whimple and other necessary witnesses are here to substantiate what I and Mr. Folk have said. This is the confession:

"Harris had been trying to get me to buy whisky from him to sell to club members. He had been placed on guard on the night of the dance at the 18th fairway, opposite the cloakroom window. I came to him there to talk about the purchases. Mr. Wike was hiding in the bushes, listening. He seized the bottle Harris was showing me, and ran toward the clubhouse, with the intention of showing this evidence to Mr. Voshell. Harris ran after him, but Mr. Wike, who saw that he did not have time to reach the veranda, climbed thru the low window into the cloakroom. Harris caught him there, and struck him a terrible blow on the forehead with his jack. When Mr. Wike was on the floor he struck him again.

I was standing by the window watching, but helpless with fright. Harris said that it would be a good idea to throw the blame on the thief who had been terrorizing the club. There is a switch controlling the ballroom lights in the cloakroom. He turned it off, ran in, tore away the brooch from Miss Shattuck, and climbed out of the window again. He was in his regular place when sent for. I went back at once to my room."

HARRIS lay back in his chair, a huddled heap in his baggy clothes. Voshell seized him by the shoulder and shook him.

"Is this true, man?" he demanded.

"Yes," mumbled Harris. "Oh, my God, yes! I killed him all right—I killed him!"

"But the brooch! How did Shattuck and I happen to find it on Whitey Belziger?"

"I hid in the hallway at 129 Franklin street and dropped it into his pocket as he went out. It was dark there——"

It was a severe blow to Voshell and Rattray. All their efforts had gone for nothing. The newspapers would be back at their heels once again, barking of inefficiency. But they were men. They had honestly believed that Whitey Belziger was guilty of the crime with which he had been charged. They had no desire to send an innocent man to the chair. So the district attorney, after the corroborating testimony of the other witnesses had been heard, moved that the case of the State vs. Harry Belziger be dropped. And the tears of happiness that Mrs. Belziger mingled with her son's must have warmed even their cynical hearts.

As Fallon started toward Judith, Voshell stopped him. "Do you want to prefer charges against the Cod for abduction?"

"No. I promised him immunity if he would testify for Whitey."

"All right." Then, hesitatingly, "I wish you and Judith every happiness, Fallon. I've fought you, but I honestly thought that you were in the wrong. God! what pawns Fate makes of us!"

Wally smiled grimly. "Sometimes Fate, in carrying her human grist to the mills of the gods finds that her shortest path is a circle. Certainly Shattuck never thought, when he dipped his evil old fingers in the bootlegging game that it would result in his own suicide and the punishment of Detective Harris for a cold-blooded murder. But Judith is waiting for me Voshell. I'll have to go. Good-by—and good luck."

THE END.

❧ ❧ ❧

Painting Hints.

A PAIL of water in a freshly painted room will help remove the odor. Paint brushes can be cleaned by washing them in hot soda and softsoap. Half a glass of ammonia in two quarts of water will remove stains from white paint.

The Law and the Man

(Continued from Page 8.)

me. . . . Come here, Cale," he added.

A moment of silence, and Towers spoke again: "You're one o' the two friends I've ever had, Tom," in his native hill drawl. "I want to talk wi' you, but I want you to promise you won't arrest me whilst I'm at it. The law is the only thing on earth I'm afeard of. Promise, and I'll come to you; move a inch and I'm gone."

Tom Light laughed a little. "A truce, eh? All right, Cale, come on."

He drew the shades over the front windows, and he had barely done that when the tall, somewhat lean, lithe figure of Caleb Towers crept thru a back window and stood like a statue in bronze before him. Towers had the square jaw of a fighter. His topaz-brown eyes now were full of fire. Under one arm he carried a battered old violin.

"I slipped back to the house jest now and got this fiddle," Towers said, his voice low and tense. "Mr. Starbird allus said ef anything happened to him I could have the fiddle. I wanted it 'cause it seemed like as ef it was a part o' him. He was a-learnin' me to play."

"Set down, Cale," smiled the officer, himself dropping to a chair.

Towers sat down. He bent forward and began:

"I reckon you've done heerd Griff Greensly's side o' it. I want you to hear mine, now. I don't know what Griff told, but I shore know what I'm a-goin' to tell. I'm a-goin' to tell the truth, Tom.

"Tom," he went on, "old Fiddler Bill Starbird was mighty nigh God to me. You know how it was—I was plum' down and out. The name my folks saddled on me kep' me from bein' anything thought of. Everybody was afeard o' me. Even little children'd run when they seed me. Nobody'd trust me a bit. I could't git work. I couldn't have friends. I couldn't have nothin', Tom. Old Fiddler Bill Starbird fed me when I was half starved, and put clo'es on me when I was half naked; he looked me square in the eye and says to me, as one man to another: 'Cale, Cale, I'm a-bettin' on you!' I don't only like him fo' that, Tom. I mighty nigh wushiped him . . .

"Well, when he got so's he couldn't sleep o' nights and got that sleepin' medicine from Doc Treadway, I was afeard he'd make a mistake, or git narvous, and take too much of it, and I watched him a heap. I'd slip into his room o' mawnin's too, to see ef he was all right. I'd went down the same as I allus did, and I found him dead. It hit me like a bullet. I could ha' cried like a kid about it. Then Griff Greensly walks into the room. He acted like it wasn't no su'prise to him, Mr. Starbird's bein' dead. He says to me:

"'Cale,' he says, 'me and you is in a fix. One o' us will be 'cused o' doin' this. You know the repitation you had,' he says, 'and they're shore to pick on you. You better go whilst the goin's good,' he says to me.

"Well, Tom, I noticed that the sleepin' medicine bottle was empty. I looked back to Griff, and he couldn't look at me—the snake! I took him to the backyard and lit in on him. His head struck a cawner o' the house, and he drapped on to the ground, and I thought I'd killed him. Wi' the name I got, I couldn't resk standin' trial, so I run fo' the hills. I stopped at Peck Apperson's cabin, and got Peck to come here to town and see what news he could find. Peck never brung me no news, but I know everything now, and I want to say I never done what people thinks I done. I never even seed that money, Tom!"

"It was in certified checks, I found out," said Light. "Four checks o' five thousand each. If Griff overdosed Bill Starbird fo' the twenty thousand, he's played a joke on hisself. He cain't spend them checks, Cale, o' course. I'm inclined to think it was Griff, Cale. It looks bad fo' you, Cale, but I shorely do believe you're innocent. Now listen:

"Yore name will convict you, I guess, if you're brought to trial, jest as you figgered. So you'll have to keep out o' the way until I've caught Griff. I'll catch him, all right, sooner or later. And the best way fo' you to keep out o' the way, Cale, is fo' you to stay hid in the little room right upstairs over this office. I'll feed you. It'll be under our truce; see, Cale?"

Towers made his decision in a few seconds. "I'll do it," he said. "I'm a-dyin' fo' sleep now. Can I go up?"

He rose eagerly. Light went to his feet, stepped to a door that hid an old-fashioned "secret" stairway, and opened it.

Having closed the door at the fugitive's back, the officer sat down in his desk chair, rested his feet on a desk leaf, and went to sleep trying to think of a method of trapping Griffin Greensly.

THE song of a mocking bird woke him at sunrise on the next morning. He yawned and sat up, and just then his gaze chanced upon a much folded sheet of paper on the floor. Light took it up idly and unfolded it. He saw that it was

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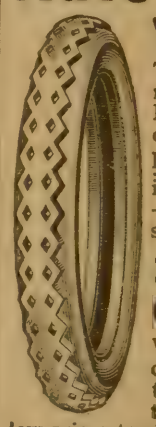

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a flyleaf that had been torn from a Bible. Then he read that which brought him erect with a gasp of amazement.

It was in the handwriting, cramped and nervous, of Fiddler Bill Starbird, and it ran like this:

To whom it may concern:

This is my last will and testament, with God as my only witness. I give to Caleb Towers my twenty thousand dollars, and I have endorsed the checks over to him.

It is my belief that Griffin Greensly gave me too much of Treadway's opiate. But let those who hold the law in their hands be sure that justice, and only justice, is done. I haven't time to write more.

WM. STARBIRD.

Tom Light gave another gasp of amazement. How came that there on the floor of his office—who had brought it? Some friend to Caleb Towers? Caleb Towers had no friend on earth but Tom Light.

In another minute, the sheriff was shaking the still sleeping young mountaineer. Towers sat up; he was as wide awake as he had ever been in his life. Light showed him the flyleaf.

"Know anything about it?" he asked.

"No," said Caleb Towers.

Light believed he had told the truth—and he had. Light went down to his office and began to wrestle with the problem.

All of that day he wrestled with it, and not once did he come anywhere near to guessing the agency that had brought the irregular but wholly binding last will and testament to his office during the black hours of the night.

After the dusk of evening had fallen, he went into council with Judge Barrett and Doctor Treadway. Both the doctor and the judge instantly recognized the handwriting on the Bible flyleaf as Bill Starbird's, but neither of them offered an explanation of the mystery that was attached to the fateful sheet's appearance.

"Why didn't you arrest Greensly immediately upon finding this, Tom?" asked Judge Barrett.

"'Let those who hold the law in their hands be shore that justice, and only justice, is done!'" Tom Light quoted impressively. "Arrest Greensly, and he's on his guard. Let him be free, and he's likely to give hisself away; he's not smart enough to be a success at crime, you see, unless everything's in his favor. The will wouldn't convict Griff in the eyes of a jury as quick as Cale Towers' name would convict Cale Towers, I'm thinking. No, I want the goods on Griff Greensly before I arrest him. Remember this, gentlemen: Nobody cain't kill a man like Bill Starbird in my county and get away with it!"

With that he left the doctor and the judge, and went back to his office. Ordinarily a quiet man and slow to wrath, the foulness and the cowardliness of the crime put his feelings suddenly into a high tension. He tried to remember that he was an officer of the law, that human sentiment must have no place in his official acts, and the tension grew but higher. Instead of dropping into his desk chair in his usual deliberate manner, he began to pace the floor.

Then a light dawned to him—and he knew who had brought Bill Starbird's final message to him! With the abruptness of lightning it came. He ran upstairs and to Caleb Towers—and Caleb Towers soon had twenty thousand dollars in certified checks in his hands!

Half an hour later the old sheriff left his office and set out, on foot and alone, for the house that had been home to "Fiddler Bill" Starbird. He carried an Army type revolver in a holster on his right hip and another in a holster hidden under his left arm.

Greensly was now acting in the capacity of caretaker, the newcomer of the place being not yet ready to take charge. Tho it was late, a light in the living-room gave evidence that he was still up. When Tom Light stole in he was ransacking an old black walnut desk.

Griffin Greensly felt a presence in the room, turned quickly, saw the officer standing just inside the doorway with drawn weapon, and went as white as tho he saw a ghost.

"So you ain't found the money yet, eh?" Light growled. "It wouldn't do you any good if you found it, Griff; it's in checks, and you couldn't get by with cashing 'em—anyway, they're indorsed over to Cale Towers, and he's already got 'em. Griff, here's a message from the dead."

He advanced to a table, put his revolver down on it, and drew from his pocket Bill Starbird's will, which he spread out beside the revolver. Greensly, seeming strangely fascinated, walked slowly to the table's other side. He knew the cramped handwriting on the Bible flyleaf at a glance, and turned eyes filled with dangerous gleams back to the officer.

"It happened like this, Griff," came Tom Light's steely voice. "After you overdosed him with the sleeping powders, and he saw it was all over, he went to work quietly, instead o' raising a useless howl. He knowed Cale would get his fiddle, 'cause Cale loved both the fiddle and Him. So he stuffed the checks and this message thru an 'f' hole into the fiddle. Cale brought the instrument to my office and the message fell out and dropped to the floor. Fo' a while I shore was stuck to find out where it had come from. You can read it, Griff, if you want to."

He stepped backward two steps from the table, the Bible flyleaf, and the revolver; it seemed a meaningless act, but in reality there was purpose in it, and big purpose. Greensly's conscience was guilty, and he took much for granted; he didn't want to read the message. Instead, he accepted the chance that Light had given him, the chance to snatch the revolver from the table!

Like a flash old Tom Light drew from his armpit holster, fired in self-defense and ducked at the same time. The two weapons made a single report, but only Griffin Greensly, shot thru and thru, sank like a wet rag to the floor.

"I—got mine," he gasped. And that was all.

Calbed Towers of the old Y Creek Towerses would not have to stand trial by judge and jury. Tom Light straightened with the air of one who has done a difficult job well. Once more he quoted from Starbird's last will and testament:

"'Let those who hold the law in their hands be shore that justice, and only justice, is done.'" To which he added solemnly: "Justice, and only justice, has been done."

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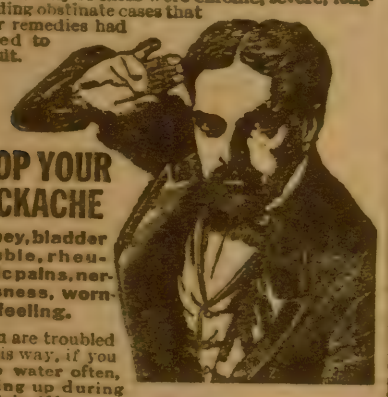

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The Head of Professor Penola

(Continued From Page 7)

ing stealthily, when the fire was dim and low in the hour of heavy sleep, just before the dawn.

Penola was awakened by a scream from the ape the snake had seized. He jumped dizzily up and looked about him. The great writhing folds of the monster could be seen endeavoring to get a good purchase grip, with which to crush the young female gorilla he had seized. As Penola woke, so did Sam and the Zulu. The old warrior, seeing what was toward, had the presence of mind to throw wood on the dying fire as he bounded, club in hand, toward the snake and the struggling terrified gorilla. As the old man leaped forward he hissed and chattered the gorillas' gathering cry, the cry of danger and of anger. Also as he leaped he struck at the python and Penola was beside him instantly, also striking. Sam, his wits finally gathered together, was also there.

The python, thus fiercely assailed with clubs in every direction, abandoned his prey and struck about him, mighty blows with his flat head that had muscles of steel behind it and the force of a battering ram.

Then the lust of battle came on Penola as alcohol mounts to the brain of the steady drinker, and he knew only the joy of fight. Even as he struck and dodged back from the plunging, hissing head, and struck again, he laughed fiercely to himself as he thought of his quiet home in the old college town and what his wife and students would think if they saw him fighting a huge snake in a cave as vast as a cathedral, shot overhead with a strange glimmering, never dimming light; a captain of a gorilla tribe.

The python did not last long from the combined attack and as Penola stepped free from the reptile's dying struggles he was filled with surprise and pleasure to see what he had not observed before. The male gorillas, almost without exception, had also been fighting with their clubs that Sam and the old Zulu had made for them, and in a concerted manner.

In spite of the fact, as Penola had noticed, that their greatest terror was their unreasoning fear of snakes, the training Sam and the Zulu had given them had held them together in some fashion, and they had fought, had fought well, and were still hitting the dying snake as he twisted into convulsive folds.

Sam noticed them too, and the Zulu also. The Zulu gave them the gorilla guttural for safety and after repeating it several times and going among them and reiterating it, he finally succeeded in getting them to desist. Sam came up and grabbed the old Zulu enthusiastically by the hand and over what could be seen of his broad black face there was a grin of absolute content and triumph.

"Unc' George!" he almost shouted.

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"Unc' George, jest look how dem boys fit an' we didn't even tell 'em to but once. Ain't dey de hot dogs! Unc' George, jest as shore as you is born we is gwine ter make dem tree niggers hunt demselves anudder home."

"Where do you mean, Sam?" asked Penola. The plan was explained to him. "So that was what you two were doing all the time I was fixing up the cave and teaching the females how to work, and I thought you were doing the same for the males! Well, I'm not a party to it. I intend to stay right here in the cave to take care of the wounded. And that reminds me, let's look after the young gorilla the python tried to kill."

"Dat's all we asks, perfessor. You jest stay here an' look atter de wimmen, an' me an' Unc' George an' dese here gorilla marines will do de fightin'. An' if'n we don't bring you back enough ant bread ter do us all wintah, I misses mah guess."

Penola looked at Sam in surprise. Just a few months in gorilla land had changed him from a peaceful, fun-loving, irresponsible, Southern colored boy, to a fierce-looking, fight-loving, energetic, African negro. And then too, the old Zulu warrior, when Penola had first seen him he looked as if almost too feeble to walk. Now he stood erect, his spear in his hand, regarding with a fierce pride the gorillas he had helped to train, and Penola could have sworn that these gorillas returned the old man's gaze with confidence and affection.

Surely the natives back at the British outpost were right when they had insisted that there was a strange magic in this dim mysterious land, and that men who went there did not return, or, if by chance they did return, they were never the same, but walked apart, gazing with longing eyes toward the blue hills which marked the boundary of gorilla land.

There must be something, some influence, something in the air or some subtle strength that came from the dim playing lights above that had changed them all. Penola himself could sense a change in his own personality, a renewal of youthful strength and vigor which he could explain in no other way. What was it? He knew, he felt, that if he was given free choice to return to his old life with the added honors of his discoveries, and the riches from the radium ore—it must be radium ore that he had found—he would refuse it. He thought of a return to civilization with distaste. Yet what had he here, a cave life, gorillas to consort with; a negro and a Zulu, and yet. . . . He loved this life, he loved these fierce animals with a love that he had never felt for mankind.

The young gorilla wounded by the python required a great deal of persuasion before she would allow any handling, but the three men finally overcame her fears, and after examination found that she was not much hurt and in a short time they were all asleep again.

The next morning Penola set about trying to find some way of protecting the cave against the pythons, in the future, while Sam and the Zulu resumed their patient drilling of the males. Penola had read somewhere that a snake would not cross a hair rope, or any closely woven netting, but this would be impractical for so large an opening even if he had the hair with which to make the rope. He then thought of making a heavy dead fall trap, to be set each night after the gorillas were inside, but it then occurred to him that the trap would be as fatal to a belated gorilla coming in, or one going out early in the morning before the trap was sprung, as it would be to the pythons.

As no plan of defense which he thought of could be made practical, Penola decided upon an offensive campaign. That night about the fire he told Sam and the Zulu of his idea, which was to systematically hunt for pythons among the rocks and small caves, and in the jungle generally for a radius of ten or fifteen miles, and in this way rid their immediate territory of the great snakes.

Sam and the Zulu accepted this plan eagerly for it offered a good chance to test out the fighting quality of the gorilla marines. So the next morning early they set out. Their progress was exceedingly slow. The gorillas would hardly follow at all until they had eaten their fill of wild berries and mangoes. They scarcely had gone five miles by noontime. The gorillas would scatter and have to be coaxed back, or some would linger to feed on choice berries and in this way delay the rest. But it was all good practice, as the old Zulu knew and he restrained Sam from impatience and anger and induced him to continue on their march.

The first day they returned tired and disgusted, having gone only about seven miles and meeting with nothing more formidable than a couple of anteaters. The next day, however, just after they had climbed the cliff back of the cave, they suddenly came upon a young python about thirty feet long, who was sunning himself on the warm rocks. Several of the gorillas fled precipitately in spite of the gathering cry, first spoken and then yelled by Sam and the Zulu. The others, however, seeing Sam and the Zulu attack the snake with their clubs, joined in to help and the reptile, cut off from escape to his den among the rocks, was soon a bleeding pulp of bones and skin.

When the battle was over Sam could have hugged every one of the gorillas, if he had dared to do so, but he and the old Zulu had to content themselves with shaking hands with each other and gazing with pride on their rookie army, which had acquitted itself so well.

"Unc' George, dese here boys is shorely comin' right on down de big road, ain't dey? I shorely is proud of whut dey is done dis day, an' I wish dere wuz some way we could let 'em know dat we thinks dey is movin' right up in de king row, but dere ain't no way. Never mind, boys; you shorely is gwine ter git an extry supper tonight when we gits home!"

Thus emboldened Sam and the Zulu, with the gorillas to help, roamed the jungle every day for miles around, killing in all eight pythons, and performing better and better team-work each time they fought.

ON THE night of the full moon they set out according to schedule to surprise the tree Pigmies. They selected the night because as the old Zulu suggested, the gorillas would not stop so readily to eat on the way, and besides he had learned from their speech while a captive among the Pigmies that the Pigmies always have great feasts on the night of the full moon. Therefore they would be more easily surprised.

Sam's first thought was to take his automatic, but Penola persuaded him to leave it at home. "If you take it, Sam, you will be almost sure to use it, and that would frighten away your gorilla marines as well as the Pigmies, and the real test of their fighting ability and of your training would be lost."

So they set out, the old Zulu armed with a club and his short asseigia, Sam and his gorillas with clubs. "Unc' George," said Sam as they walked along, "if we could only tell dese boys whar we is gwine, so as to sorter 'courage 'em and not let 'em be too much surprised, I would be better satisfied. But here dey is jus' walkin' along behime us, peaceful as lambs not knowin' dey is goin' into a shore nuff free-for-all fight."

The old Zulu nodded and looked back with a proud eye on his twenty picked gorillas. He did not understand all that Sam had said, but he did understand that Sam was speaking of the gorillas, and that was enough. The old man was very proud of the results of his and Sam's training, and he believed that the gorillas would not fail them in the fight.

Yet it was a very foolish thing to do, the old man thought, to fare forth to fight a hundred or more Pigmies, even if they were small men, misshapen and cowardly; with two men and twenty half-trained gorillas who a few months before had not the semblance of formation or team-work, nor any idea whatever of fighting together as they were expected to do tonight.

But the same strange, weird, thoughts were in the old Zulu's brain, as were in the minds of Sam and Penola. He thought no more or scarcely at all in terms of men, but of gorillas.

He knew one gorilla could easily account for five to ten Pigmies in a fight, because the Pigmies were hardly better armed and not more intelligent than were the apes. And if the gorillas could be induced to fight together, as he and Sam had trained them, he had no fear of the outcome of the raid on the Pigmy village. He believed they were well enough trained, and with their experience in fighting the Pythons he thought they would acquit themselves as warriors should.

As the old man turned this over in his mind the strange raiding party shambled on thru the jungle game paths, which the full moon changed almost into day. After they had traveled for perhaps two hours and the moon rode high in the heavens, a red glow began to show on the treetops ahead of them, and the faint drumming throb of a rude tom-tom came faintly to their ears. The old Zulu had guessed right. The feast of the full moon was in progress within the Pigmy village.

As they came nearer to the village,

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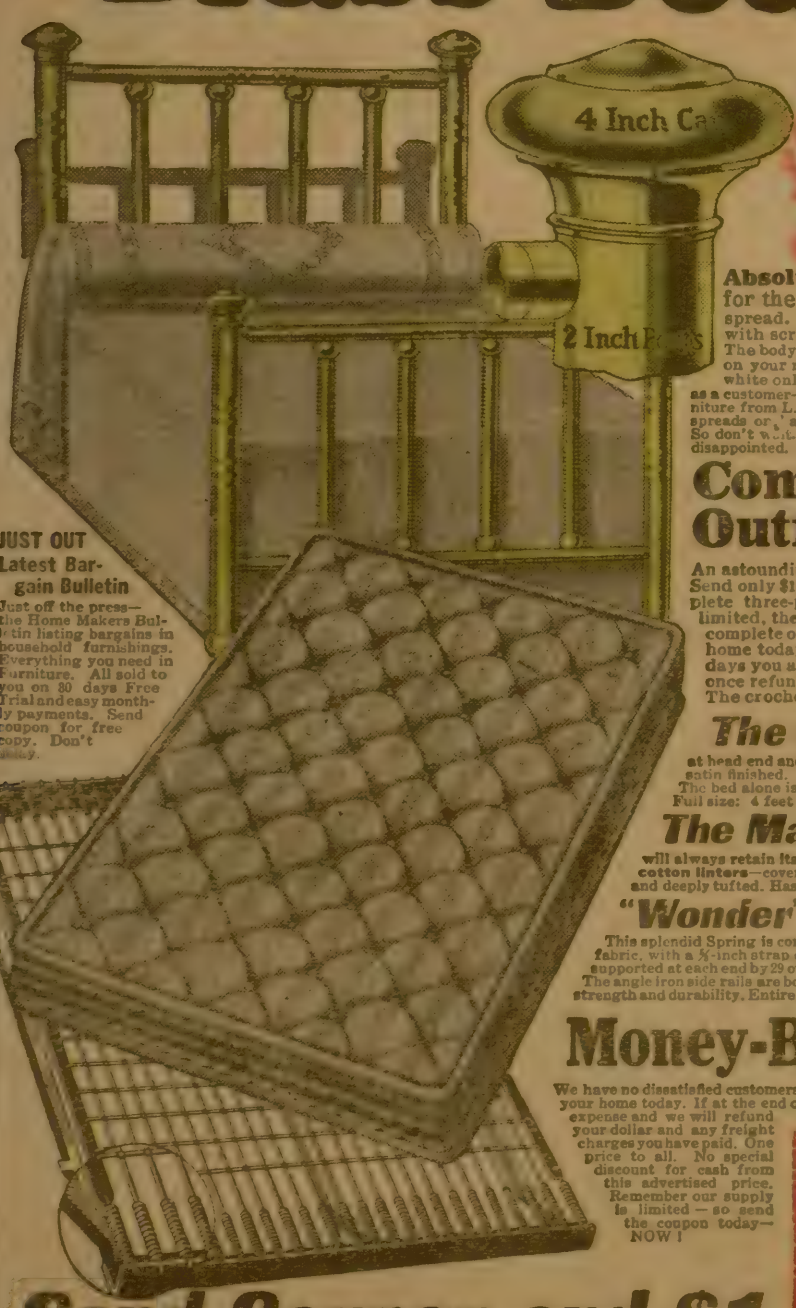

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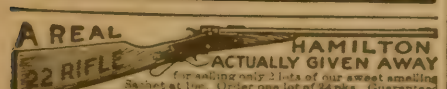

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with the light getting brighter from the fire, and the sound of the tom-toms drumming louder, mingled with the yells of the dancers, the gorillas began to show signs of uneasiness, to hang back and lag behind, and make queer little whimpering noises.

And then the old Zulu showed his knowledge of the art of war and military tactics. In order not to allow this hesitancy to grow into a panic, and therefore a scattering into the jungle, he decided to attack at once. Motioning for Sam to follow, he gave the wild yell which he had taught the gorillas meant to run forward, and he leaped forward into the circle of the Pigmy's feast fire, brandishing his spear.

The Pigmies sprang up with equally hideous yells and squeaks. The attack was a complete surprise. As the old warrior sprang out into the open place about the fire, closely followed by Sam, a shower of stones and small throwing clubs were thrown at them. But when the Pigmies saw their foes were gorillas, panic seized them and with cries of terror they fled in all directions. Some, however, were so stupefied by terror and wonder they sat perfectly still, stupidly staring at the old Zulu, Sam, and the few gorillas that had followed.

The Pigmies were more demoralized than the Zulu and Sam had ever hoped they would be. They were utterly routed before they had begun to fight. A Pigmy is as afraid of a gorilla as a gorilla is of a python. This fear is inbred when they are children, and to this natural dread is added all the superstitious awe that centuries of wild improbable tales handed down from father to son makes possible. Pigmies never attack a gorilla, even if the gorilla be alone, and their own number equal to a regiment. They merely fade into the jungle and leave the gorilla in possession of the field. Sam and the Zulu did not know this, but it was soon demonstrated to them.

The shower of stones and clubs did not stop the advance of Sam, the Zulu, nor the few gorillas that followed them. They came on swiftly towards the fire. The Pigmy chief or king was seated across from the great fire, opposite to that from which the attack had come. He had risen to his feet and was staring across the fire to see who were his enemies, with his spear ready to throw. As he saw that the attacking party was composed of gorillas he staggered back, literally faint from fear. His eyes bulged and his legs trembled. "It is the soko-mitsus," he gibbered in terror. He hurled his spear wildly at Sam, and turning tried to smash his way into the jungle. He was followed by the Pigmies nearest him, who fell over each other in their frantic efforts to escape.

Sam dodged the spear and it found its mark in the hairy chest of the gorilla who was following immediately behind him. With a terrible shriek of pain and anger the wounded gorilla tore the spear from the wound, from which the blood gushed in a red stream, and then there followed a fearful scene.

He shambled forward quickly and began to fight with a blind and terrible rage. He grabbed up yelling, struggling Pigmies and dashed them to the ground, others he threw far out into the matted foliage of the jungle. Others he caught as they crowded together against the thick walls of the jungle which they had themselves matted together to protect the village from outside attack and thru which they were now trying to escape. These he bit and tore limb from limb. And behind him came three more of the great apes, whom Sam and the Zulu saw had been their best fighters against the pythons. The other gorillas apparently had fled, but these four were an army in themselves. The wounded gorilla had thrown down his club, but the three had theirs and used them upon what Pigmies they were able to find. One blow was enough; there wasn't much of a Pigmy left afterwards.

The Zulu and Sam stopped trying to fight the tree people themselves and looked on with amazement, not a little mixed with fear, at a really enraged gorilla in action. The four gorillas, one of them apparently mortally wounded, seemed equal to fifty ordinary men, armed with the weapons of primitive man. And as they fought their rage increased rather than diminished. They bit and tore, hugged and crushed, occasionally picking up a Pigmy and hurling him far out in the jungle with the force of some engine of destruction. The cleared place about the great fire began to resemble a shambles.

And strangest of all, the Pigmies, almost paralyzed with fear, offered very little resistance. They did not offer to fight the gorillas, but struggled only to escape thru their rude stockade made from the vines and bushes of the jungle. Only when forced to do so would they hit feebly back, as a cornered rat shows fight, with their inadequate clubs or lunge with their puny spears.

AT LAST the massacre—it was nothing else—came to an end. The Pigmies were gone, even the badly wounded had crawled feebly away. There were none left but the dead, and two captives, who had been tied to a tree by the Pigmies themselves, and were intended for the "piece de resistance" at the feast. These poor creatures, who proved to be hunters from the old Zulu's own village, had been hamstrung, the tendons of the knee being cut to prevent their escape while they were being fattened. Perhaps the Pigmies had devised this method after the escape of Sam and the old Zulu.

The old man went up to the tree to which the two whimpering, terrified creatures were tied and released them. It was with the utmost difficulty that he finally convinced them who he was, and that they would come to no harm. He then saw their plight, the maimed legs would only allow them to hobble about with two sticks, or crawl on all-fours.

As the two were trying to help the hamstrung captives, they had forgotten for a time the four gorillas, but a bubbling shriek from the wounded ape brought them back to their charges. The wounded gorilla was shambling slowly back into the open, from the jungle, where he had evidently followed after the fleeing Pigmies. He was evidently very weak from loss of blood, for he swayed from side to side as he essayed to half walk, half go on all-fours in the gorilla fashion. But he came slowly on, his face wrinkled into almost the shape of a whimpering, half-crying child, which would have been comical if he had not been dying. Almost all animals prefer to die alone, away from their kind, but here was one who apparently was human enough to prefer the company of his fellows as he fared out on the unknown sea. He paused to get a panting breath and the blood bubbled and gushed from the great spear wound in his chest. He did not try any more to assume the half-erect attitude, but almost crawling as a dog woul, he came up to where the old Zulu stood, and held out a shaking paw, looking up into the old man's face with dull, glazing eyes, yet which were pitifully pathetic in their expression. It was as if a dying soldier had caught at his commander's coat in passing, to hear his farewell, and a last word of praise for a fight well won. Sam burst into tears, the ready tears of the Southern negro, and the old Zulu, his own face working with grief, bent down to the dying ape, and said the gorilla word for safety, and so the ape died.

Sam, ashamed of his show of emotion over the gorilla's passing, turned and said:

"Unc' George, let's us take dese here two niggers back wid us to de cave; we cain't leave 'em here, an' dey kin help take keer of de fire, an' look atter dryin' de meat."

Before they left, however, the old Zulu skinned the dead gorilla to take back to the cave and cure for a disguise for one of the hamstrung captives. He knew the gorillas would have nothing to do with the men from his village unless they were covered with the hide, and had the gorilla smell. Even now, following the fight the gorillas who re-

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mained would not come near, but stood on the edge of the clearing, and would snarl and back away if one of the captives crawled near them.

After the gorilla was skinned they collected all the ant bread and dried antelope meat they could find, unearthing from a primitive, rudely constructed potato bed a large supply of wild yam potatoes. After much persuasion they induced the gorillas to eat their fill of these foods as a sort of reward for good fighting. Then they constructed packs with what material they had at hand, using the rude grass ropes of the Pigmies, and loaded down the gorillas with the supplies. First, however, they reburied the yams, the old Zulu cunningly concealing the spot so they could return later for what they could not carry at this time. Then they took embers from the dying fire and set fire to the hut up in the trees, to the poorly constructed stockade, and to everything combustible about the village. This was to be a warning to the Pigmies that had escaped, and also to help conceal the supply of yams they had reburied.

As they turned to go—for the gorillas were restless and uneasy from fear of the fire—they looked back on the scene of battle. There were six Pigmies dead; the wounded, of whom there were many, had crawled away into the jungle to die or be rescued later by their tribe. In the open lay the carcass of the dead and skinned gorilla.

"Unc' George," said Sam, "I shore wishes we could give dat boy a swell funeral, but I guesses he is jest as well off. Anyway, he fit a noble fight, and I shorely is proud of all of 'em. Where do you reckon we kin find some more of dem tree niggers?"

So they journeyed back to the cave, the smoke of their revenge ascending to heaven as a warning to other Pigmy tribes and villages that they could no longer live at peace with the gorillas, and waylay strange hunters who chanced into gorilla land. The warning was not needed, however. The scattered and fleeing Pigmies spread the fearful, demoralizing news of soko-mitsus who fought like men, and who were so very strong and terrible. Some in the terror of their flight even drifted into the villages located near the British outpost, and told fearful tales of the gorilla raid upon their village, and the tale lost nothing in the telling. In this way, gorilla land became more than ever a place of superstitious awe and dread.

The raiding party reached the cave about an hour after sundown. Penola was anxiously awaiting them, as several of the scattered gorillas had straggled in some time before and he had become worried over the fate of the first raiding expedition.

Sam and the old Zulu lost no time in supplying him with details, while they were unloading the faithful ten who shared more or less in the fight and who had borne the spoils home. Then they all sat down before the cave fire and enjoyed a feast of ant bread and dried antelope meat.

This was only a beginning. Flushed with the partial success of their first effort to induce the gorillas to fight together for a common cause, Sam and the Zulu roamed the jungle by day and sometimes by night with their gorilla band of marauders, who became more and more fierce and deadly as the art of primitive warfare was drilled into them by precept and practice. They had learned to fear no living creature, and had learned to fight with a deadly ferocious rage that sometimes chilled the heart of Sam and the old Zulu with fear, as they thought of the consequences if the gorillas should turn upon them. But these two, unknown to themselves, had changed also. There was not in their hearts a trace of pity or remorse for anything they did. They had hunted out and destroyed every Pigmy village within a radius of fifty miles, the tree people fleeing from the fierce man-apes as from a pestilence. Nor could a pestilence have been more pitiless or more deadly. And the Pigmies took back to the coast country, and even into Zulu land and all the habitated Congo country, strange, weird tales of gorillas who fought like men and who even spoke like men if the fancy seized them. Sam's thirty warriors became a vast hungry horde in the telling and the retelling, until in the faraway villages mothers stilled their fretful children with, "Peace, little one, or the soko-mitsus will come!"

As for the pythons and boa constrictors, the other hereditary foes of the gorillas, there were none of these left to spread tales of the prowess of the man-apes. But in some way those of the great reptiles who dwelt outside the fifty-mile limit knew it was exceedingly unhealthy to cross over into the land of the gorillas, which heretofore had been their happy hunting grounds. So the gorillas spent the nights in peace and the days without fear.

With no other worlds to conquer, the gorillas were left in peace, and Penola put his two men warriors to tilling the ground and helping the hamstrung captives, now supplied with gorilla hides, to planting wild yams and other wild vegetables near the cave. He also set out in a makeshift orchard all the wild fruits and berries he could find. He tried to induce the old Zulu to take Sam and return to his native village, in the time of harvest, and secure seeds of different vegetables, including kaffir corn. This the old man refused to do. "Let not my white brother ask me to return. I am happy here. My youth has come back to me since I have dwelt among the ape people, from whence came my father. I have become one of them. The witch fire from above," he pointed up towards the roof, "must have made you young again. If I should return to my village my heart would perchance become soft, and I might remain until I became too weak to return. Then always in my heart would be the hunger for the soko-mitsu and the fires of this strange place. Let us be content then with the food of our wild brothers."

It was a long speech for the old man, who was sparing of words, but a decisive one. He could not be persuaded to return for the seeds. However, he knew well all the edible roots and herbs of the jungle, so he and Sam collected while Penola and the crippled men planted. There was soon a varied collection, well calculated to supply every vegetable need, and Penola was content.

IN THE meantime, while Penola, Sam and the old Zulu were going thru experiences that they never could possibly have conceived even in their wildest dreams, the Society for Anatomical Research was not having a very pleasant time. Purely by chance they had learned of Penola's African expedition, and a meeting of the executive committee was hastily called.

"In Africa," said the old and dignified president, as he stated the reason for the meeting, "almost anything could happen. And while our contract with Professor Penola unfortunately does not place any restrictions on travel, or place of residence, I am of the opinion that we are entirely within our rights if we should send some one to trace our erratic colleague and request his immediate return to civilization. He is subjecting his head, our um . . . ah . . . potential property to too great a risk, by carrying it beyond the seas into gorilla Africa. His wife writes that she has not heard from him since he left the last British outpost and trading station. Therefore he cannot be reached in any way except by a personal messenger, and the matter is too delicate a one to be trusted to some one who does not know the exact details."

The suggestion of the president was acted on at once. Within the fortnight there set out for London, one Joe Brown, a sometime African trader, but now a member of a private detective agency. He was given all the details of the contract with Professor Penola, empowered with instructions and sufficient funds to penetrate into gorilla land, and to bring

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Professor Penola, or news of him, back to the Anatomical Society.

So it came to pass, that one morning, as Penola, Sam and the old Zulu had set out for the old Pigmy village to unearth the buried yams and store them in the cave for the winter, soon to be on them, they were surprised as they drew near the village to hear voices. Instantly they fell flat on their stomachs and crawled nearer, with every precaution against noise, gently parted the jungle grasses and looked out into the clearing that held the charred remains of the Pigmy village.

Just in front of them, within a stone's throw, was Joe Brown and a group of bearers from the village at the British outpost. They were collected about the debris of the old village, among which were the skulls and mouldering bones of the Pigmies, and the gorilla, slain in the first raid. Suddenly Joe Brown, who had been idly poking at the bones with a stick, slumped down on his knees in the rank grass and peered closely at one of the skulls. Then he scratched his head, and said aloud in English, "H—l! Here's the old nut's head, and the nigger's, too, I believe. Anyway it's all I can find." Joe Brown's mental tonnage was not great, but he remembered what he had heard at the Society for Anatomical Research about Professor Penola's peculiarly shaped head, and its value to anatomical science; and this skull he had found seemed to answer the description.

Of course, he had been sent to find a live head on a living man's shoulders—not a skull mouldering among wet weeds in a small glade. However, this appeared to be about all he would be able to find. He had wandered for days, up and down the land, penetrating as far into gorilla land as his bearers would go, and without result. His bearers now refused to go forward any further into the land of the great apes. They were continually whispering among themselves the fearful stories they had heard about the great apes who had learned to fight like men and who crushed in a man's ribs like egg shells. Or who would tear out his throat with their teeth and bend rifle barrels as if they were small twigs. They said that even now they could feel the soko-mitsus spying on them from the tall jungle grasses—only awaiting, no doubt, a favorable opportunity to pounce upon them and rend them limb from limb.

So that very morning the headsman had come to him and declared the intention of the bearers to return that day to their own land, having had enough of the ape country. To be truthful, Joe Brown did not have much stomach for the gorilla country himself. The dark, silent, cold, mysterious forest, and the strange, weird night noises were getting on his nerves. He, too, had the feeling that he was being watched. Was the d—d country really bewitched after all? He looked up from his examination of the skulls and glanced about him furtively. Even now he had the feeling that maybe the great apes were spying on him from the jungle, ready to fall on him at the first favorable opportunity. However, he could see nothing, and half ashamed of his foolish fear he nervously lit a cigarette.

He had been sent to find two men, a white and a black. He had traced them into gorilla land from the British outpost, but there the trail ended. As far as he had penetrated into the land of the gorillas there was no sign, no trace of any human being. The few Pigmies he had been able to find in the small, scattered villages had told him strange wild tales of a ravening horde of gorillas, whose numbers were as the trees in the forest. These gorillas, the Pigmies said, were strong and fierce, fought like men, and in the stress of fight would also talk with a man's voice. These terrible apes had fallen on the Pigmy villages, one by one, and had destroyed them all, killing all who resisted, and burning their villages.

These tales had not made his bearers any the braver. So far they had met with nothing, either beast or man. Even the great snakes that the bearers said had infested this territory were gone. There was no sign of life, but a sense of some mysterious something that peered and leered from the jungle and seemed stealthily to follow wherever they went. And now beyond the great hills that towered before them the bearers refused to go. In his heart Joe Brown could not blame them; in fact he was secretly glad of the chance to return.

He sat the two skulls upright and looked at them. These must be the heads of the two men he sought. There were no other skulls near. Perhaps it was at this place the gorillas had stolen upon them as they slept and slain them. Again he looked fearfully about him. He could actually feel the great apes looking at him! Well, anyway, they wouldn't steal up on him as he slept in this place, because he did not intend to sleep there; nor in any other place in this God-forsaken land. No sleep for him until he reached the British outpost. So, turning, he said to his bearers in his broken native-English: "Put these here heads in a sack, boys, and come on—let's go!"

AND Penola watched him go. How easily he could have crowned the detective's efforts to locate him with success! All that was necessary was for him to pull aside the vines and raise his voice in greeting. Civilization would then again be his—his wife be restored to him, his professorship regained, together with the added heroism of his great adventure. And what an experience! An experience which no other living man had known! He would be made a Fellow of the Royal Society, a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, an honored pensioner of the Discoverer's Fund, and a world-wide hero of Science.

All this raced thru Penola's brain as he watched the procession of bearers, headed by Joe Brown, as they made their way along the jungle game trail towards the south and the British outpost a hundred miles away. Slowly the procession wound its way along, like a great snake, some of the bearers looking fearfully back as they went.

Not once did it occur to him to stop them or attempt to join them. For tugging at his heartstrings, holding back the usual desires and lusts of the normal man, was his great love for the wild free life of the jungle and the leadership of the ape people. With the gorillas he led an absolutely honest life, free of all pretense and sham.

With infinite pains and labor they had been taught hard fighting, and so fighting, under the leadership of Sam and the Zulu, they had rid their land of their natural enemies, the pythons and the Pigmies. He had taught them how to feed a fire, and how to keep it going for future needs. He had taught them to store food, and had also added three new words to their spoken language.

Before him stretched only a few years more, only a few, in which he must teach them other useful things. A few years in which to study their struggles with arrested development, and the paradoxes of evolution. The gorillas had need of him beyond any human need that claimed him or called to him. And he loved them, these terribly-earnest, fierce-hearted apes, who had made him one of themselves. He could speak to them, and they to him, with mutual comprehension, using the same tongue. This within itself was a wonderful achievement.

But above all and beyond all, the lust to learn, to know, was upon him, and this shut out all other things. He wanted to know all there was to know about these strangely sad, puzzling creatures, whose yearning, deep-set eyes seemed to hold the infinite secrets of the ages in their brown depths, if he could only learn to read them. As it was he had but merely scratched the surface. He would like to write it all down in a book, from day to day, for those to read, who came after. He . . .

And then there was the great hush of the jungle on moonlight nights. The dawn leaping up over miles and miles of primeval forests. Then there was the ruins of old, forgotten cities that he had spied out; old perhaps when Christ was on earth. All these to be explored. Then the cold nights in the cave with the great apes sitting about the fire, and the mysterious light that came from God knows where, glimmering overhead. And Zuella with her ready arms to hold him as he slept, primitive but loyal and true to him whom she acknowledged as her lord, who had won her in fair combat.

He loved all these things with a passionate overpowering love. This was his world; his place that he had made for himself among honest, simple children of the wild, and here he would abide. Penola turned to Sam and to the Zulu. He voiced their thoughts when he said, "And you two; do you want to go back?"

"Naw suh, not me!" said Sam, shaking his head. "I knows when I is doin' well. How 'bout you, Unc' George?"

The old Zulu shook his head, and turning he looked towards the cliff, and in the look was all the pride of possession. "Here be my father's people," he said. "It is fitting that I abide here also."

The three watched the last bearer disappear, and saw him turn to look back on the trail with a look of fear, a fear of the dark land of the ape people. Then the three turned back towards the cliffs, and home. They were now of the Primeval, the beginning. They were the Present which had doubled back upon itself to become the Past.

THE END.

Mendelsshon's Faithful Wife.

CECILE JEANREANAUD, wife of Felix Mendelssohn, the great German composer, has been unkindly treated by various of her husband's biographers, but it is certain that she proved a very fitting mate for this great man and was of enormous aid to him in the arduous task which his work entailed. He was an exceedingly hard worker, and his health was not robust and one of his wife's chief and most important functions was to keep him from overdoing, to which he was naturally prone.

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South Sea Pebbles

(Continued From Page 18)

ing in a monotonous roar. The clear water lagoon beyond was inviting, and once in it they could row to the glistening beach where the pearls were to be found.

"If you find the channel signal to me, an' I'll follow," he said, nodding. "I can navigate the Bounty thru any channel you can row that boat in."

Kalputa's face darkened, and a crafty sneer curled his lips. "You're coming with us, Mr. Scar," he said with extravagant politeness. "That ship ain't goin' to leave here without me aboard."

"Oh, all right," laughed Billy, seeing the suspicion in the other's eyes. "If you're afraid of losing the ship, why don't you stay aboard, Kalputa? I'll take the boat and find the channel."

Again the half-breed grinned sneeringly, showing that his suspicion was two-headed. "If there's any pearls to be got—an' I ain't expectin' many—I want to be there for the first pickin'," he drawled.

Scar laughed in his face. "Kalputa, I used to think there was some honor among thieves, but I don't any more—not in these seas."

The ugly scowl of the other threatened to precipitate a crisis, but Scar ignored him, and walked to the side where the small boat was already half lowered in the water. His studied attempt to insult and laugh at the burly outlaw was a part of his scheme to maintain the upper hand. Once let Kalputa see that he was afraid of him, and the old reprobate would try to cower him into submission. It was Billy's cool contempt for his authority that made the man half way decent in spite of his anger.

"Just a minute, Kalputa," Scar added, darting for the companionway. "I forgot to wind my watch."

The novelty or audacity of the remark left Kalputa's mind up in the air, and before it got down out of the clouds again Billy was back, smiling inscrutably. There was a white, powdery mark on his sleeve and wrist, but that suggested nothing to the other. He was whistling a popular air, and looking pleased with himself and all the world.

"Kalputa," he observed, glancing shoreward, "I fancy we could make a rope of pearls as long as from here to the shore, if all we see glistening on the beach are pearls."

"I hope you'll hang yourself with it then," was the growling retort. "Get in now or——"

"You first—age before beauty."

The irritation of the man was near the breaking point, and Scar did not insist upon enforcing his rule of politeness. He climbed nimbly down, and Kalputa followed more slowly and warily.

The six Papuans dipped their oars and sent the long boat toward the reef. They could tell by the pounding of the surf there was no break in the line of coral, and they followed it at a safe distance watching for any sign of still water. They had to encircle half the outer reef before Scar's quick eyes picked out a place where the swells of the ocean rolled smoothly into the lagoon without breaking into whitecaps.

"Here's the entrance, Kalputa," he called out in a voice that was full of eagerness and exultation. He was thinking less of his danger than of the surprise that lay before him. Kalputa also raised his burly form to an upright position, and bracing both feet apart he stood there and gazed with greedy, avaricious eyes across the smooth surface of the lagoon.

The boat swept thru the channel, avoiding the coral reef on either side by a narrow margin, and then under the lash of Kalputa's tongue the Papuans bent to their oars. They were so intent upon their prize that they had no eyes for anything else, and any enemy, if there had been one, could have caught them on their flanks or rear.

When the boat finally grated its keel upon the beach, Kalputa leaped ashore, splashing in water up to his knees. Scar followed close behind him. With eager hands they gathered up the glistening pebbles and pieces of coral to examine them. Scar's heart suddenly ceased beating. They were nothing but the ordinary shells and broken coral that were to be found on any of the beaches and islands of the South Pacific. Their imagination combined with a peculiar slant of the sun's rays had tricked them.

An inarticulate growl of rage and disappointment escaped Kalputa's lips. When Scar glanced up he saw the half-breed approaching him, with gun leveled to fire.

"You d—n liar!" he roared and opened hostilities.

Scar dodged and sprinted up the beach, the bullets spattering in the sand around him. Then he got hold of one of Li's guns that he had pocketed before leaving.

"Now, Kalputa," he said, facing around, "I'll kill you like a dog, and——"

In his excitement, Scar had given little attention to the Papuan sailors, and he was not prepared for the thing that came whizzing thru the air.

A small native dart, barbed and tipped with a cassowary bone, caught him on the wrist and spoilt his aim. His was exploded and flew in the air. With a groan of pain he jerked the dart out of his quivering flesh just as another bone-tipped missile aimed for his head whined thru the air.

Kalputa charged, blazing away at long range. Scar, deciding that retreat was the only safe course, ran up the beach to gain the shelter of the nearest grove of palms, leaving his weapon behind.

Sprinting with all his might, he reached the first tree before he turned to look backward. Then he stared in wonderment at the excitement near the water's edge. Kalputa had not followed him, nor had any of the Papuans. The latter were dancing and gesticulating, while their leader was standing in silent rage, gazing across the lagoon in the direction of the Bounty.

A close-hauled, practical-looking schooner, with all sails set and drawing, was tacking toward the ship, with her decks crowded with little black-haired men, who at that distance looked like so many monkeys. Scar, with a smile of content on his lipe, murmured softly:

"Captain Bernice to the rescue!"

Evidently there are some lively, exciting doings in store for the little bunch of black sailors left aboard the Bounty to safeguard the ship. And in quite as bad a pickle are the fearless white man, Billy Scar; the piratical Kalputa and the cunning Chinaman, Li Sin, whose only aids should trouble break are the few negritoes who accompanied them ashore. What stand will Captain Bernice take should she capture the mutineers' ship? Will it be war to the death, or will she greet the sea prowlers with a spirit of friendship and hospitality? One thing is certain—if the invaders have come for the South Sea Pebbles, those wondrous pearls of almost priceless value, they will have to fight for them as men have never fought before. If you are interested in the fate or future of this heroic Scar fellow, derelict of the seas, hero of many wild adventures—and we'll bet you me—resolve right now to follow him thru this stirring, entertaining, well-told narrative. Part two next week.

Putting It Over the Plate

THIS is an easy matter, if your kidneys are working right. A man is fit, full of pep when he takes that latest scientific discovery of Dr. Pierce, called "Anuric" (anti-uric acid). When uric acid backs up into the system in excess, causing rheumatism, neuralgia, dropsy, backache, and many other serious disturbances, you should stimulate your kidney action with Dr. Pierce's Anuric, kidney and backache remedy. When you have backache, dizzy spells or rheumatism, heed nature's warning. It means that you are a victim of uric acid poisoning. Then you should ask your druggist for Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets, and you will soon become one of the hundreds who daily give their thankful endorsement to this powerful enemy to uric acid. If you have that tired, worn-out feeling, backache, rheumatism, neuralgia, or your sleep is disturbed by too frequent urination, get Dr. Pierce's Kidney and Backache Tablets at your nearest drug store; or send 10 cents for a trial package to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

Buffalo, N. Y.—"Dr. Pierce's Anuric is the very best medicine for the kidneys I have ever taken. I suffered for several years with kidney trouble. My kidneys would become congested causing me to have such severe pains across my back that I could scarcely get up in the morning. I would just have to roll out of bed. I was in distress all the time through this ailment and I also had bladder weakness. I finally began taking the 'Anuric Tablets' and they relieved me of this condition and put me on my feet when all other medicines had failed. Those who suffer with their kidneys will find in Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets great relief."—Valentine Vogel, 292 High Street.

WANTED—30,000 BOYS TO MAKE MONEY

WE HAVE 30,000 boys who sell our great papers—The Saturday Blade, Chicago Ledger and Lone Scout. Thousands of them earn from $1.00 to $5.00 a week. People in every town and R. F. D. know our great papers and we have received thousands of letters from people asking the name of the local agent so they could buy the papers from them. We want 30,000 more agents, so that there will be an agent in every town and R. F. D. route, and to get them we have a wonderful new plan which gives our agents cash profits on every paper they sell and

VALUABLE PREMIUMS FREE In addition to big profits on every paper you sell we give you valuable premiums free. When you start we send you a premium catalog from which you can select the premiums you want.

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED We show you when you start just where to get customers, how to sell the papers, and just what to do. No town or R. F. D. route is too small to sell our papers in. Thousands of our agents in the smallest towns and R. F. D. routes are making the biggest money every week.

NO RISK Remember, you can't lose anything. You only pay for the papers after you have sold them. We send the papers so that they come to you on Fridays. You have a paper to sell to every man, woman, and boy. We show you just how to build up a route of regular customers that means steady profits every week.

IT IS EASY TO GET STARTED TODAY

but you must hurry, for the agencies are being grabbed up quickly by boys. It takes no money to start. Just fill out the blank below and we will send you a complete agent's outfit absolutely free and your first week's supply of papers.

W. D BOYCE CO., DEPT. 3, 512 N. DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Name .....

Street or R. F. D. No. .....

Town..... State.....

I accept the agency for your 3 papers. Send me as many copies of each as you think I can sell the first week. If I qualify, it is understood you pay my expense of joining the Lone Scouts of America if I want to join. Also tell me how to get the valuable premiums.

Something to Make Thinkers Think.

Riddle-me-ree.

267—My first is in dog but not in cat.
My second is in gopher but not in rat.
My third is in silver and also in gold.
My fourth is in telling and also in told
My whole is loved by little girls.

An Acrostic.

268—The initial letters spell the name of an American poet; the finals the name of an English poet. All the words contain the same number of letters.

1. An excrescence. 2. A short-tailed animal. 3. A common metal. 4. Rent. 5. Neat. 6. Colored circle around the pupil of the eye. 7. Reflected sound. 8. Water falling from clouds.

Four-word Square.

269—1. A narrow opening.
2. A musical instrument.
3. A purple flower.
4. To try.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

264—Scattered Trees.

Aspen, sycamore, papaw, tulip, poplar, willows, cottonwood, walnut, balsam, cedar, osage orange, linden, hawthorn.

265—Metagram.

Dip, tip, lip, hip, rip, nip, pip, sip, zip.

266—Lock and Key.

1. Locket. 2. Lackey. 3. Interlocked. 4. Jockey. 5. Block. 6. Keynote. 7. Clock. 8. Keystone. 9. Flock.

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are offered simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

MICHIGAN FARM LANDS FOR SALE

LANDLESS MEN: INVESTIGATE THE OPportunity awaiting the home-seeker in Michigan. 20, 40, 80 acre tracts near hustling city; only $15 to $35 per acre. Terms made easy to meet your circumstances. Get away from the uncertainties of working for someone else. Write today for free illustrated booklet giving full information. Swigart Land Co., X-1245 First National Bank Building, Chicago.

FARMS FOR SALE

POOR MAN'S CHANCE. $5 DOWN $5 monthly, buys 40 acres productive land near town. Price $225. Box 425-S, Carthage, Missouri.

FARM WANTED

WANTED—HEAR FROM OWNER FARM for sale; price; particulars. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

NEW MEXICO FARM LANDS FOR SALE

A NEW FOLDER ABOUT THE NEW STATE of New Mexico is now ready. Full information regarding crops raised and land cost in irrigated sections of Pecos and Rio Grande Valleys, also farm lands in the plains country. Close to good markets. Mild climate and long growing season. You can buy at reasonable prices on favorable terms. New Mexico is adapted to all the grain crops and especially the bright peagreen alfalfa which produces abundantly and tops the market. Truck farming pays well. The fruit raised here is prime quality; it brings excellent prices. Apples, pears, peaches, cantaloupes and small fruits thrive under irrigation. If you want land and a home get this folder and see New Mexico this fall. Write C. L. Seagraves, General Colonization Agent, A. T. & S. F. Ry., 982 Railway Exchange, Chicago.

AUTOMOBILES

AUTOMOBILE OWNERS, GARAGEMEN, mechanics, repairmen, send for free copy of our current issue. It contains helpful, instructive information on overhauling, ignition troubles, wiring, carburetors, storage batteries, etc. Over 140 pages, illustrated. Send for free copy today. Automobile Digest, 532 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

WATCHES—JEWELRY

21 JEWEL WATCH $4.99! ALL MAKES about half regular price. Agents wanted. List free. Rex Co., Andover, Ohio.

PHOTO FINISHING

FILMS DEVELOPED 5c ROLL, PRINTS 3c each. Reliable Studio, Station D, Cincinnati, Ohio.

FARM LANDS FOR SALE

FREE GOVERNMENT LANDS—OUR OFFIcial 112-page book, "Vacant Government Lands," lists and describes every acre in every county in U. S.; tells location, place to apply, how secured free. 1922 diagrams and tables, new laws, lists, etc., price 50 cents postpaid. Webb Publishing Co., Dept. 108, St. Paul, Minn.

FARM WANTED

FARM WANTED, SEND DESCRIPTION and price. John J. Black, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

FOR SALE

ARTIFICIAL EYES $3. BOOKLET FREE. Denver Optic, 566 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODEstone tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

TOBACCO

HOMESPUN SMOKING TOBACCO—5 LBS., $1.00; 10 lbs., $1.75; 20 lbs., $3.50. Farmers Union, Mayfield, Ky.

MEDICAL

WE WANT MEN SUFFERING FROM ANY weakness, chronic, nervous, skin, kidney or bladder disease to write us for free advice, interesting book, symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Ries Company, Suite 210 & 211, Baltimore Building, St. Paul, Minn.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information-- The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

EASY TO SELL GROCERIES, PAINTS, AUtomobile oils, roofing, stock food to consumers from samples; no capital or experience necessary. Steady, profitable work. Commissions advanced. Satisfaction guaranteed; 50 years in business. Write for full particulars. Loverin & Browne Co., Wholesale Grocers, 1759 So. State St., Chicago, Ill.

CIGAR FACTORY WANTS SALESMEN—Full time or side line. Previous experience unnecessary, as we give complete instructions. J. H. Hargrave & Co., E-10 Chatham, Va.

SIDE LINE SALESMAN WANTED TO SELL coal to your trade in carload lots. Earn a week's pay in an hour. For particulars write, Washington Coal Co., 3501 So. Racine, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—SELL ARTICLES WHICH REpeat and on which you can build up a permanent business. You can do it with "Zanol" Products, a high class line of soaps, perfumes, flavors, coffee, tea, baking powder and other pure food products and household necessities. Write today for new money-making plan. American Products Co., 5747 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS—EASY, QUICK SALES, $60 TO $100 weekly. Valuable free premium to every customer. You write orders. We deliver and collect. Commissions daily. No capital or experience. Wonderful new solid aluminum handle big cutlery set, sells itself. Best year round proposition. Sample outfit free. Also free Ford car offer. New Era Mfg. Co., 803 Madison St., Dept. 23, Chicago.

WE PAY $7 A DAY TAKING ORDERS FOR stainless steel cutlery set. Guaranteed. Aluminum handle. We deliver direct to your customer and pay you every day. Big demand. No capital or experience needed. Big money for spare time. Complete outfit to workers. Parker Mfg. Co., 209 Awl St., Dayton, Ohio.

STARTLING AGENTS PROPOSITION—$100 weekly selling Rolly's Washday Wonder, new chemical dirt solvent; harmless; cleans without rubbing. Enormous profits. Repeat orders assured. Experience unnecessary. Territory going fast. Samples free. Rolly Chemical Co., C-1, Hastings, Nebraska.

SELL MINITMEND FOR TIRES AND tubes; cost 2c repair; surpasses vulcanizing; save 500 per cent; every auto and accessory dealer buys; profits amazing; Shaw made $21 first day; Hart $155 first week. Particulars and free sample. Colonial Rubber Co., Desk 40, Philadelphia.

AGENTS—NEW INVENTION. HARPER'S Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

YOU CAN MAKE $12.00 AND MORE EVERY day selling 9 piece toilet article set which costs you 60c. Drug store value $3.75. You sell for $1.50. Get lined up for spring rush. Harvard Laboratories, Dept. B, 336 W. 63rd St., Chicago, Ills.

AGENTS — BIG MONEY — FAST SALES. Transfer initials on autos, etc. Charge $1.50 and make $1.38 on each sale. No experience; no license. 10 sales a day easily. Write for samples. Newark Monogram Co., Dept. 4, 568 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

NUT CRACKER, TWIST OF THE WRIST. Cracks pecans and other nuts; gets kernels out whole. Nut bowl, cracker and one pound of pecans all for $2. Postpaid. Selling like minting money. Rush your order. Process Nut Cracker TSB Co., Salina, Kans.

AGENTS TO EARN BIG PROFITS WITH our quick-selling non-alcoholic extracts, toilet articles and household necessities. Open territory. No money required. We trust you. Hurry! Write today. Dept. 134, The Linro Co., St. Louis, Mo.

BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES. EVERY owner buys gold initials for his auto. You charge $1.50, make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 104, East Orange, N. J.

BIG PROFITS SELL HANDSOME WINDshield wings, mirrors, spot lights, guaranteed tires, tubes, etc. Prices that win. Car owners, dealers buy one to gross. Write for booklet and sensational agency prices. Rapid Sales Corporation, 22-D, Grand Rapids, Mich.

SALES AGENTS. STEADY BIG PAYING business representing newest guaranteed hosiery. Full or part time. Experience unnecessary. No layoffs. Write quick for samples and control of county. Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 415, Dayton, Ohio.

SELL NOMIS KNIT GUARANTEED HOsiery. Everyone wears hosiery, everyone buys it. Begin now and build up a business on your own time. Write Dept. Y, Nomis Knitting Mills, 34 So. 17th street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WE PAY $8 A DAY TAKING ORDERS FOR Insyde Tyres. Guaranteed to prevent punctures and blowouts. Double tire mileage. Any tire. Tremendous demand. Low priced. Write quick for agency. American Accessories Co., B213, Cincinnati, Ohio.

BECOME OUR EXCLUSIVE REPRESENTAtive for sale of indispensable sanitary specialty. We teach you to make spare time profitable. Write for free sample. Ideal Disinfectant Corporation, 447 Ninth avenue, New York.

AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 707-C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

AGENTS—COST $5, YOUR PROFIT $103.75, transferring monograms on autos, trunks, bags, furniture, etc.; no experience, no license. Write for free samples. World Monogram Co., Dept. 17, 244 Market street, Newark, N. J.

GUARANTEED HOSIERY, LOWEST PRICES, manufacturer's complete line direct to wearer. Samples without charge. We deliver. Part time acceptable. Joseph Bros., 339-A Broadway, New York.

MEN'S SHIRTS. EASY TO SELL. BIG DEmand everywhere. Make $15.00 daily. Underselling stores. Complete line. Free samples to workers. Chicago Shirt Co., 9 So. Clinton, Factory 200, Chicago.

LARGE SHIRT MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

$75 WEEKLY — WHIRLWIND SELLER, Klean-Rite. New washing compound. Women crazy about it. 300% profit. Premiums for customers. Samples free. Write quick. Bestever Products Co., Dept. 75, 1941 Irving Park, Chicago.

MEN AND WOMEN AGENTS: PONGEE undergarments that sell. Michigan Boul. Styles. Attractive prices. Big repeat orders. We deliver and collect. Lady Jean Co., Suite 733A, 26 Quincy St., Chicago.

EASY MONEY SELLING TO COLORED people. Write for our attractive proposition. Marcellene Chemical Company, 620 Main, Richmond, Va.

AGENTS—NEW PATENTED CURTAIN ROD, necessity in every home; big profit; 4 to 10 sales at every house. Write for free sample. Home Curtain Rod Co., Providence, R. I.

A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN — MAKE sparkling glass name plates, numbers, checkerboards, medallions, signs; big illustrated book free. E. Palmer, 502 Wooster, O.

$50,000 "PROFITS IN PORTRAITS" explains in free circular, 24-hour service prints, portraits, frames. Samples free. Picture Man Friedman, Dept. 1, 127 N. Dearborn, Chicago.

AGENTS — WONDERFUL SELLER, 96c profit every dollar sales. License unnecessary. No stock to carry. Sample free. Mission, Factory O, 2421 Smith St., Detroit, Mich.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS—BIG MONEY $ QUICK SALES, 15c to 50c article—repeater; sample free. Premier Chemical Co., 1453 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET ARticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

HELP WANTED

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

WANTED—MEN-BOYS OVER 17. BECOME railway mail clerks. Commence $133 month. Common education sufficient. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. E 26, Rochester, N. Y.

STOP DAILY GRIND. START SILVERING mirrors, auto headlights, tableware, etc. Plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 2, Marion, Ind.

HOW TO GO ON THE STAGE. SEND ADdress. Stewart, Lumpkin, Ga.

MALE HELP WANTED

U. S. GOVERNMENT WANTS MEN—RAILway mail clerk "exam" soon. Let our expert (former Government Examiner) prepare you for this and also rural carrier postoffice, customs, internal revenue and other branches. Write today for free booklet. Dept. 645, Patterson Civil Service School, Rochester, N. Y.

EARN $110 TO $250 MONTHLY, expenses paid, as railway traffic inspector. Position guaranteed after 3 months' spare-time study or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for free booklet. CM-12, Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE, EXCELLENT OPPORtunity to earn big money, travel, thousands of dollars offered in rewards, established 1909, particulars free. Write to C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Lucas, St. Louis.

BECOME AUTOMOBILE EXPERTS. HUNdreds vacancies. $45 week. Learn while earning. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. E 404, Rochester, N. Y.

DETECTIVES MAKE BIG MONEY. BE one. Excellent opportunities. Fascinating work. Particulars free. American School of Criminology, Dept. L, Detroit, Mich.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

MEN WANTED TO MAKE SECRET INVEStigations and reports. Experience unnecessary. Write J. Ganor, Former Gov't Detective, 100, St. Louis.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, sleeping car train porters (colored). $140-$200. Experience unnecessary. 686 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

SILVERING MIRRORS, FRENCH PLATE taught. Easy to learn, immense profits. Plans free. Wear Mirror Works, Excelsior Springs, Missouri.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. GREAT demand everywhere. Experience unnecessary. Write, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS WANTED. $135 month. Particulars free. Franklin Institute, Dept. E 6, Rochester, N. Y.

ALL MEN, WOMEN, BOYS, GIRLS, OVER 17, willing to accept Government positions, $135, write Mr. Ozment, 196, St. Louis.

GOVERNMENT JOBS. $95 MONTH. WRITE immediately for list. Franklin Institute, Dept. D 6, Rochester, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

LADIES DO YOUR OWN HEMSTITCHING and picoting; attachment fits any machine, $2.50. Buttonhole, $8. Hand embroiderer, $5.50. Agents wanted. E. Stephenson, 22 Quincy, Chicago.

$6-$18 A DOZEN DECORATING PILLOW tops at home; experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 188, LaGrange, Ind.

BECOME EXPERT MILLINERS. $125 month. Earn while learning. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. E 804, Rochester, N. Y.

WOMEN - GIRLS. BECOME MILLINERY designers. Earn $125 month. Sample lesson free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. D 804, Rochester, N. Y.

WOMEN WANTED — BECOME COSTUME designers. $140 month. Learn while earning. Sample lesson free. Franklin Institute, Dept. D 505, Rochester, N. Y.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FREE TO YOU: NO OTHER INVESTMENT journal like it; oldest established oil and investment publication in Texas. Published by actual oil operator and broker of long experience. Gives you facts and up-to-date, reliable information you positively cannot afford to be without. Keep your eye on Texas, richest oil territory in the world. Keep posted on Mexia and other great gusher oil fields now in the making. My Weekly Texas Investor explains how hundreds of small investors are now drawing big monthly cash returns through rich oil royalty interests. Write me today for three months' trial subscription absolutely free, and without obligation. C. C. Cannan, Publisher, 500 Mason Bldg., Houston, Texas.

RISK A LITTLE MONEY TO MAKE MUCH? A few intelligent speculators wanted to help drill two discovery wells on two leases covering over 5,500 acres in the heart of greatest oil area in America. No stock, just small syndicate. Highest banking and other references. One well already started, so act at once if interested. Tear out and mail this advertisement with your name and address and I'll send you full details, including map of north Texas and southern Oklahoma. Address, Syndicate Office, 310 B. P. Denham Bldg., Denver, Colo.

$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOUsands of people who invested in Texas oil lands. They made the start. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 611 Demenil, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE MAP, MEXIA FIELD, LIMESTONE County, Texas. Latest gusher field. Wonderful opportunity. Write for free map & information of a Mexia syndicate paying large monthly dividends. Schimmel Co., Suite 103, Neil P. Anderson Bldg., Fort Worth, Texas.

MAKE BIG MONEY OUT OF TEXAS OIL. Send for our free guide to investors, just out. Interesting and instructive. Enclose 2 cent stamp for postage. Box 798, Houston, Tex.

RICHEST OIL IN AMERICA. EXPECT start drilling next month. Derrick up, outfit being set up. Even $10 may bring thousands within few weeks. Circular free. King Oil Co., New York Block, Seattle, Wash.

500% PROFIT PAID INVESTORS IN 45 days under my Proven Plan. $10 invested in my new syndicate may mean small fortune. Interesting folders free. Wallace, 331A Mason Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO LAND and interest in oil wells that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Co., 623 First Nat'l Bank, Houston, Texas.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

PATENTS-TRADEMARKS. BEFORE DISclosing an invention, the inventor should write for my blank form, "Evidence of Conception." This should be signed, witnessed and returned to me with sketch or model upon receipt of which I will promptly render opinion as to patentable nature and send booklet on Patents. Highest references. Prompt attention. Reasonable terms. Clarence T. O'Brien, Registered Patent Lawyer, Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS SECURED. PROMPT SERVICE. Avoid dangerous delays. Send for our "Record of Invention" form and free book telling How to Obtain a Patent. Send sketch or model for examination. Preliminary advice without charge. Highest references. Write today. J. L. Jackson & Co., 357 Ouray Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS—SEND FOR FREE BOOK. Contains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for free opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience.) Talbert & Talbert, 601 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

INVENTORS DESIRING TO SECURE PATents should write for our guide book, "How to Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for our opinion on its patentable nature. Randolph Co., Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

SONG POEMS WANTED

SONGWRITERS! LEARN OF THE PUBlic's demand for songs suitable for dancing and the opportunities greatly changed conditions offer new writers, obtainable only in our "Songwriters Manual & Guide," sent free. Submit your ideas for songs at once for free criticism and advice. We revise poems, compose music, secure copyright and facilitate publication or outright sale of songs. Knickerbocker Studios, 306 Gaiety Bldg., New York.

SONGS AND POEMS WANTED. WE COMpose music, publish, sell and pay you five cents royalty on every copy sold. Melody Publishing Corp., Dept. A, Root Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

SONG POEMS WANTED. SUBMIT MANUscript to New Era Music Co., 102 St. Louis, Mo.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THE business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfit sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

PHOTOGRAPHY

FILMS DEVELOPED, 5C ROLL, PRINTS 3c each. Reliable Studio, Station D, Cincinnati, Ohio.

STORIES WANTED

STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, ETC., ARE wanted for publication. Submit MSS or write Literary Bureau, 500, Hannibal, Mo.

PHOTOPLAY STORIES

IDEAS FOR MOVING PICTURE PLAYS wanted by producers. Big prices paid for accepted material. Submit ideas at once in any form for immediate examination, or write for interesting free photoplay booklet explaining service. Bristol Photoplay Studios, Suite 602-C, Bristol Building, New York.

PERSONAL

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE SUFFERING from chronic, nervous, blood, skin, kidney or bladder diseases, remember: we have been treating these diseases for over a quarter of a century. Established in 1896. Write; book, symptom blank and advice free. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

PERSONAL—(Continued)

AN EXCEPTIONAL OFFER TO MEN, WHO lack confidence and ambition. Men who are shaky and timid, nervous and run-down should at once take Novo. It is wonderful how quickly this simple combination of iron, herbs and roots will bring back your ambition and self-confidence. Weak, nervous people, who complain of sleeplessness, stomach, liver and bladder troubles, begin to cheer up and become strong and energetic. To prove that Novo does what we claim, we will let you try it at our risk, and furnish you with a fifteen days' treatment, regular price $2.00, upon receipt of only 50c, for postage and packing. As this offer is limited, you should not delay. Novo Company, Dept. A., Box 32, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MEN — YOUR INCAPACITY SPEEDILY overcome by the greatest and most wonderful preparation offered to men. A recent scientific discovery producing astounding results. Biggest opportunity in world for weak, discouraged men to regain former strength. Customers reporting marvelous results in exceedingly brief time. Box postpaid anywhere $1, four boxes $3. Confidential. Crown Drug Company, Station E, Toledo, Ohio.

MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE can find a marvelous remedy and restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kan.

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS to restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

GERMANS, FRIENDS, COUNTRYMEN, IF you desire a real little German wife, one who knows how to operate a frying pan, write me. English or German. (Stamp.) George Grigoleit, 20 East Jackson, Chicago, Ill.

THOUSANDS ANXIOUS TO MARRY, WORTH to $100,000. Confidential descriptions in plain sealed envelope. Satisfaction guaranteed. Long established, reliable, trustworthy. Peoples Club, Box 94, Los Angeles, California.

A LETTER TO DR. ROWE, THE SPECIAList, brings his serial No. 1 on kidney and urinary diseases; valuable information; send today; postage 4c. Dr. Rowe, 112 N. Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

WOMEN — ERGOIL SAFELY RELIEVES. No harm or inconvenience with work. Results guaranteed or money refunded. Prepaid, $1.25. Dermitone Remedy Co., Dept. 4, 127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

LADIES — CORRESPOND; MARRY A wealthy, loving man. Membership absolutely free. Cupid's Club, Box 1007-F, Kansas City, Mo.

SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTI Flamma Poultice Plaster. Describe case and get free sample. Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

$1.00 FOR LIST CONTAINING NAMES, ADdresses, etc., of ladies desiring marriage. Many wealthy. Cosmopolitan Club, Box 423-B, Venice, Calif.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOGRAPHS, DIRECtory and descriptions of wealthy members. Pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 31, Kansas City, Mo.

PRETTY YOUNG WIDOW SEEKS MARriage. Send stamped envelope. Chicago Friendship Club, 2928 Broadway, Chicago, Illinois.

NOTICE—A LARGE COLLECTION OF PICtures and descriptions of beautiful ladies sent free to any one upon request. Address Prof. Ward, B 520, Valley, Nebr.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DEscriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PAper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

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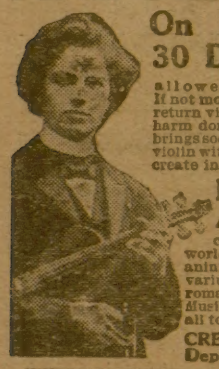

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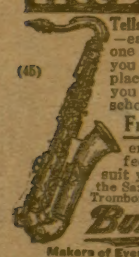

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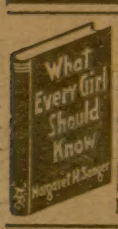

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The Subtle Grafter

(Concluded From Page 12.)

long run," snapped Simpson. "Now, then, I'll sign this check and get it cashed at the bank or turn it over to you and you can give me your check for any balance due me and also give Bigalow a check for his. It's nearly 11 now and I might not have time enough to deposit this before Bigalow arrives."

At this juncture Bigalow, a deep frown on his face, entered the office.

"Time is short," exclaimed the judge, "so we will get down to business."

Simpson was at another desk signing the five thousand dollar check.

"The young man has decided to settle for four thousand," informed Jones. "He received a check from his father which he is turning over to me. My fee will be one hundred dollars. I will give you my personal check for thirty-nine hundred if that is satisfactory to you."

"Some one will have to identify me," exclaimed Suttle. "I'm unknown to the bankers here."

"My son will identify you at the First National Bank," said the judge. He pressed a button and his son, a clean appearing young man, appeared in a nearby doorway.

A good deal of time was consumed in explaining and it was nearly noon when Bigalow, Simpson and young Jones left the office.

As usual on Saturdays it was the rush hour at the bank. They formed in line and waited their turn.

Young Jones deposited the five thousand dollar check to his father's credit. Then Andy and Simpson were identified and cashed their checks. The feel of this easy money in their pockets electrified them.

Young Jones slipped away. Andy grinned at Sim and Sim grinned back.

"Pretty soft, eh?" they breathed and turned toward the street door.

The big doors opened out and the two con men walked into the arms of two policemen. The shaggy judge was a pace away.

"There are your crooks," exclaimed Jones.

"Well, Suttle and Silver Sim," exclaimed the officers, "let's stroll around to the station. No funny business."

At the station when preliminaries were over and Suttle and Sim were about to be assigned their cells, the chief inquired of Jones how he managed to catch these clever crooks that had been scattering bad check everywhere.

The judge rumpled his shaggy hair and grinned. "Easy," he replied. "You see, young Simpson, or whatever his name is, claimed he answered his draft call in April, nineteen-eighteen. Suttle claims he lost the third issue bonds about the same time. Well, the third issue of bonds wasn't printed or on the market until later on in the year. I gave the crooks plenty of rope and they hung themselves."

* * *

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"AND what happened to you?" asked a friend of the hardware man, as he entered the store and found the merchant looking very gloomy.

"Why, there was a farmer in here a while ago and he wanted a rat-trap. I have them at forty-eight cents apiece. I spent nearly an hour trying to convince him that the only way he could get rid of his rats was to buy one of my traps."

"And he finally took one?"

"No, he did not. He went right over to the grocery there, and in five minutes the grocer had convinced him that he had a better thing. It was to buy a ten-cent box of matches and scatter them all over the barn, and in a week the rats would all be gone."

"Anything else?"

"Yes. They will be gone and the barn will be gone, too, and the farmer will be kicking himself because the farm wasn't insured."

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Corn Popper. This combination is what you want for special things—corn popping, crisping corn flakes, roasting coffee, etc.
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